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VOLUME 2.

NUMBER 3.

THE
American Sketch Book.

EDITED BY

MRS. BELLA FRENCH.

HISTORY OF

Baraboo & Devil's Lake, Wis.



LA CROSSE, WIS.

SKETCH BOOK COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

1876.

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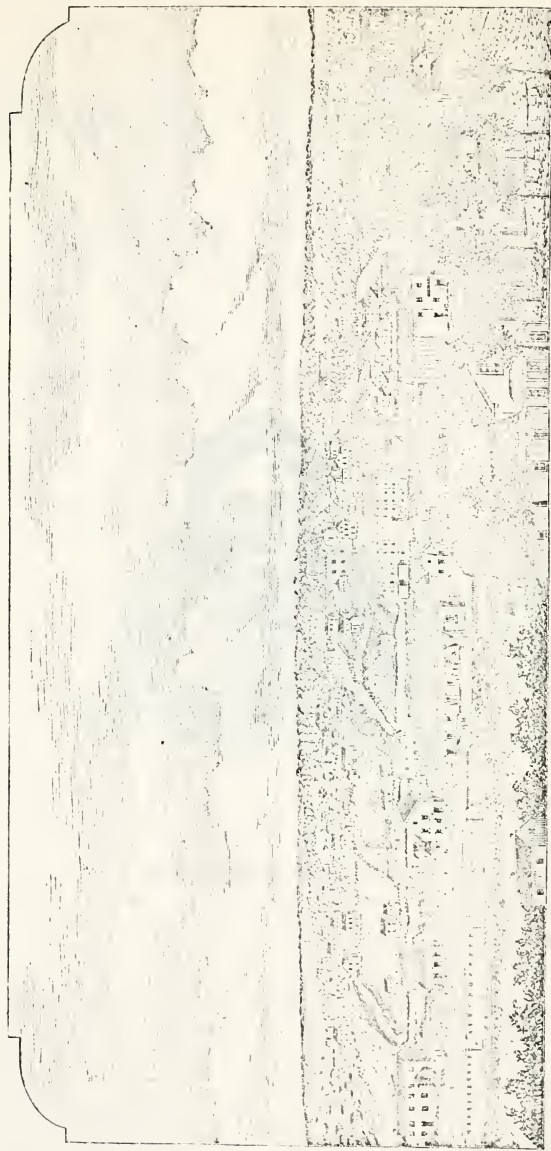
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A Partial View of Baraboo, Wisconsin.



Mrs. Rosaline Peck.

History of Baraboo, Wisconsin.

WHEN the white pioneers wandered into this beautiful valley, they found it in the possession of the Winnebago Indians. That other people had previously inhabited it, is apparent from the numerous mounds, or *tumuli*, found in this vicinity, which are supposed to have been made by an extinct race of people; and also from the fact that the Winnebagoes are known to have wandered hitherward from some land near the sea, as Winnebago, or rather Weenebago, means "fetid water," these people having been so named by the Algonquins, since the former came from the salt water marshes. We are also told by those who have investigated the matter that, previous to the advent of the Winnebagoes, or Ot-cha-gras, as they call themselves, other races of Indians owned and occupied these lands, among which were the Sacs, or Saukees, from whom this county takes its name. It is not the intention of the writer, however, to dwell long upon this part of the history of Baraboo. Had it not been for a desire to mention the mounds, which are so numerous here, the Indian history would probably not be touched upon at all, as numerous others, better qualified for the task than the writer, have put out works on the subject; and to these the reader is referred for fuller information concerning the first owners of this valley. But the mounds are worthy of a passing notice in a work of this kind, which is designed to give both histories and descriptions of the different localities.* These mounds were made by a race of people known to us as the mound-builders. Who they were

*NOTE.—The editor of this work acknowledges the assistance of many of the old settlers of Baraboo in compiling this history; also her indebtedness to W. H. Canfield's "Outlines of Sauk County," for some interesting facts which would not have been gained otherwise.

and what object they had in building the mounds are disputed questions. They are supposed to have been a barbarous people, who emigrated from the south, the latter supposition being probably arrived at from the fact that the mounds, many of which in this locality represent birds and animals, are nearly all facing southward, or toward the fatherland of the mound-builders. Many of the mounds are in the immediate vicinity of the village of Baraboo. Mr. Canfield, who takes the supposition that the *tumuli* were made for burial purposes, says that, in the different groups, the sepulchral mounds occupy the center, and that the birds and beasts are arranged on the outskirts, as though mock guards for the dead. In the center of a cluster of the mounds, now the southeastern suburbs of the village, the Winnebagoes are said to have had a counsel house. Upon inquiry concerning said counsel house, the oldest settlers tell us that on their arrival here, they found three poles erected from the top of a mound, and from each pole floated a piece of dirty rag. These probably comprised all of the counsel house in its best days. Near by were Indian corn fields; and at the corn fields Archibald Barker built a cabin in 1837. The Indians destroyed the house and drove him away. But this part of the country, being the site of several excellent water-powers, the hopes of the Indians long to hold the beautiful valley in their own possession, were doomed to be blighted. It was a spot that the white man would not pass by unnoticed, though walled in by rocky bluffs, over which it was difficult to travel before any roads were laid out. Some of those, who climbed the bluffs, saw the swift, clear waters of the Baraboo River winding through a valley of great fertility and beauty, and they resolved to make a home upon its banks, regardless of the disapprobation of the Indians. It may be well to say something here regarding the origin of the name Baraboo, as applied to the river. It seems from what facts Mr. Canfield's researches have discovered, that the river has at different periods been known by different names. He says that on a six-penny map of the United States brought from Glasgow, Scotland, by John Dickey, in 1842, it bore the name of Belle Chasse. Farnam's map of Michigan and Wisconsin, published in 1830, called it Bonibean's Creek. A map of Long's second expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1823, gave it the name, Mahlenak. The oldest settlers, however, know the river by no name excepting the Baraboo; and even the origin of this name remains in doubt. Some Indian interpreters have represented it as belonging to the Indian tongue, though they differ in regard to its meaning—some saying it means "crooked worm," and others "beautiful hunting

grounds," or something of the kind. It is quite probable that these interpretations are not correct, since it is now generally believed to have been named by a certain Frenchman, a Captain Barebeau, or Barebeaux, who once spent a night on its banks in company with some Jesuit priests. This is substantiated by D. K. Noyes, Esq., postmaster of Baraboo, who many years ago received such information from Governor Doty, a well-known pioneer of Wisconsin, now deceased. The Baraboo River has, at this point and near it, several fine water-powers, the improvement of which forms a large portion of Baraboo history; and of these we will now treat. The river, we are told, is seventy miles long, being two hundred feet wide at this place, and furnishes ten thousand inches of water. It is made up of springs, and holds in solution a large quantity of iron, the whole valley being largely permeated with that mineral. The two first bridges across the Baraboo were built by Eben Peck, at his own expense, and both of them were carried off by floods.

Sometime during the summer of 1839, James Alban, the first settler of Sauk Prairie, discovered Devil's Lake, and what seemed a fertile valley beyond it; and he afterward related the incident to Eben Peck, the first white settler of Madison, while on a visit to that place. The glowing description of the lake and surrounding country induced Mr. Peck to accompany Mr. Alban on a tour of exploration. A few days' journey brought them to the Baraboo Rapids, and here they found two encampments of Indians, who disputed their right of possession. Mr. Peck, however, selected the lower great bend of the river as his claim, and, in spite of the threats of the Indians, the two remained on it one night. This claim, since known as the Lower or Maxwell water power, is not far from where the Chicago and Northwestern depot buildings now are. In the fall of 1839, Eben Peck, in company with his wife, Rosaline, and his brother Luther, made another visit to the Baraboo. They made the journey in a carriage to Sauk Prairie. From thence they were obliged to travel on horseback, following an Indian trail to reach the Baraboo. The water was very high, and Mr. Peck advised his wife not to attempt the crossing of the river. But she was determined to see the claim, and so swam her horse across, at the expense of a thorough wetting. She is without doubt the first white woman that ever looked on the Baraboo valley. While riding across what is now Peck's Prairie, they met Abraham Wood and Wallace Rowen, two men who were looking up a water-power, and who selected the upper great bend of the river for their claim.

In the winter of the same year, Mr. Wood built a cabin and moved his family, consisting of his wife and two children into it. Mrs. Wood was a squaw, daughter of the Indian chief Dekorah. She is represented as being a superior woman, considering this fact; while Wood is remembered as the terror of the country. Wallace Rowen was also a married man, and had a large family. They had lived on the frontier so long that they all spoke the Winnebago tongue with great fluency. Wood began the improvement of the water-power that winter; and about the same time two more pioneers, James Van Slyke and Chester Matson, having visited the Rapids, made an attempt to jump Peck's claim, and began the building of a dam. They had little or no means of their own, but by glowing descriptions of the country and its advantages, they elicited the assistance of James Maxwell of Walworth County, and Berry Haney of Dane County, and these gentlemen furnished the materials and provisions necessary to the erection of a mill, taking an interest in the same. But Mr. Peck carried the matter into the courts, and won the suit, thus stopping the work of the would-be owners. The dam, which was nearly completed, was afterward carried away by high water; and several years elapsed before any use was made of the mill-power, Mr. Peck not being able to improve it. But he erected a cabin on the claim in the winter of 1839, and some time the next year moved his family into it. He had to cut a road across the bluffs in order to get here by teams.

Meanwhile Wood's mill progressed, and was soon in running order. A millwright, Draper by name, who assisted in the building, was for a time a partner with Wood and Rowen; but in 1842 he disposed of his interest to the others.

Captain Levi Moore looked in on this part of the world in 1840. He at first thought that he could not live in so wild a country, and was about turning his face in another direction, when he accidentally met Mrs. Peck. Her bright, hopeful face caused a reaction of feeling. If a little woman like her could endure the hardships, he certainly could. So he remained. In 1843, Captain Moore bought one half interest in the saw mill, and two new comers, Harry Perry and Moses Nulph bought the other half. At this time there was not a white settler between Baraboo Rapids and the Mississippi River, and the three mill men felt immensely rich. All that grand sweep of country was theirs. When a new settler came in they generously gave him a quarter section of land, conscious that it was a very small amount compared with their immense possessions; but they did not like to see too many settlers, or he contin-

ually making gifts. Captain Moore had but fifty dollars in money when he purchased an interest in the mill; but money was not much used in those days; people rejoiced in an abundance of real estate. He, however, opened a store, the first in this part of the country, in 1844. His stock was probably not very valuable.

But even the elements seem to have been at war with the mill men. The first drive of logs from the Baraboo pinery were in the boom. They had been cut and brought there by James Christie and A. Barker. The boom broke away and the logs went over the dam. Soon after this, a great flood swept away both dam and mill. This dissolved the partnership hitherto existing between Messrs. Moore, Perry & Nulph. There was no use of a partnership when there was nothing to claim. Wood took back the half interest claimed by Messrs. Perry and Nulph, and he and Mr. Moore resolved to make another experiment in building a mill. They put a dam further up the stream, using their past experience to benefit, by building one better calculated to withstand the force of the floods. The mill was in running order in the summer of 1845. The millwright, J. Clement, who built it, bought out Wood's interest soon after its completion.

In the fall of 1844, a mill was erected at the head of the rapids, and a year later still another, at what is known as the middle mill-power.

But before going further with the mill history, we desire to make some passing remarks concerning Abraham Wood. He is represented as having been a very large man, a man of dauntless energy, fearless and daring; a hard drinker, rough and profane, and most terrible when angered, if under the influence of liquor. A few anecdotes may serve to illustrate the character of the man. He was peaceable enough when sober, but when tipsy he went prowling around the country in a lawless way, helping himself to anything he desired, and taking vengeance on those whom he did not like. One night he entered a cabin belonging to a family by the name of Webster, and carried off a keg of beer. He was discovered in that act by Mrs. Webster, who grabbed him in the back by his shirt, he being coatless, and demanded that he should relinquish the beer. This he showed no disposition of doing, and her grip being a firm one, he dragged her to considerable distance, bawling out the while at the top of his voice: "Keep fast hold, madam, and I'll take you straight to h—l!" His taking of a Mississippi River steamboat at an early day is quite amusing, and shows the fearlessness of the man's nature. He and three others who styled themselves the "Baraboo Rushers," took passage on a steamboat for Saint Louis. On the way,

one of the boatmen took ill with the cholera, which was raging at the time. The idea of the cholera on board caused much consternation, and it was decided to leave the sick man on shore. But none of the crew would venture near him, so great was their fear of the disease. Then up spoke Abe: "Give us a blanket and we, the Baraboo Rushers, will take him ashore. We a'n't afeared of man or devil, much less a gripe in the stomach." A blanket was furnished, and at the next landing the four men took the victim off, carrying him straight to the hotel. "We want a bed for a sick man," said Abe to the landlord. "Beds all full," was the reply. "Show me one, I'll empty it d—d quick," retorted Abe. But the landlord was not disposed to do so. Meanwhile, the captain, considering that the Baraboo Rushers were exposed to the infection, concluded that then was his time to get rid of them; and without a touch of the bell put the boat out from the landing and continued the journey. The Rushers, seeing the state of affairs, dropped the sick man on the hotel porch, and started after the boat. They were all good swimmers, and in a very short time they "overhauled her." To say they were angry does not half express what their feelings were. As soon as he touched the deck, Abe began to swear, and such swearing even those boatmen had never heard. He cursed all of the crew from the highest to lowest, up and down and every other way. At last, the captain threatened to put him ashore. This was the signal for a row. The Rushers were armed after the manner of backwoodsmen, with tomahawks, knives and revolvers. Flourishing these, they sprang forward for a battle. The suddenness of the attack and the daring of the men, so surprised the captain and crew that they surrendered without a struggle. When he had them completely at his mercy, Abe flourished his tomahawk over the captain's head and cried: "We don't want your d—d old rickety boat, but we intend to teach you that the Baraboo Rushers are not to be trifled with. This craft never lands again until we say so, nor starts till we get ready. If that don't suit you, we will run her to h—l in spite of you." The captain was very willing to agree to the terms, and for the remainder of the trip the Rushers had things their own way.

Some years later Abe Wood was killed, not far from Baraboo, by being pitched backward in a wagon, and thus having his neck broken.

In the summer of 1843, Ed. Willard, D. C. Barry and George Willard made a claim of the water power at the head of the Rapids, and during the fall of the following year built a mill, which did a good business. D. C. Barry sold out soon after its completion, and in 1845

Amos Conkey and two brothers, Alanson and Alva Culver, purchased the property.

In common with all the territory of western Wisconsin, what is now Sauk County, was formerly a part of Crawford County. At the time of the organization of Sauk County, it was attached to Dane County for judicial purposes, and so continued until 1844, when it was fully organized. The matter of organization was hotly contested by the two precincts of the county, viz: Baraboo and Prairie du Sac, the latter being determined therefore, and the former objecting on the ground of the limited population and the increased expense. The Saukites, being successful, three commissioners were appointed to locate the county-seat. They chose Prairie du Sac, that place having agreed to donate a number of lots to the county board. The deed, however, made the lots revertible to the donors in case of a removal of the county seat. This caused indignation throughout the whole county, and several public meetings were held in order to devise means to reverse the action. Sometime in 1845, a committee of twelve was appointed to explore the county, and report concerning the value of the different portions, in direct reference to a removal of the county seat to some better point. Only six of the committee were on hand to take the trip, and they did not make a start until November of that year. These were Abe Wood, Levi Moore, W. H. Canfield, Thomas Remington, Ed. Rendtorff and Count Haraszthy. The two last were Saukites. While out, the provisions became exhausted, and failing to get game, the party were out of food two whole days. They had about concluded to kill and eat a dog that bore them company, when Captain Moore was fortunate enough to shoot a deer, which supplied them with abundance of food. Mr. Canfield says that the committee reported the whole of the interior of the county as fit for cultivation, but Captain Moore makes a somewhat different statement. He says: "To show how small was the amount of forethought belonging to that committee, I will say that we individually and collectively gave it as our opinion that the Honey Creek region would never be settled; and that during the next eight months it had more new settlers than all the rest of the county put together." That winter a petition to the legislature, allowing the people to vote on the place of county seat, was granted, and the vote went in favor of Baraboo Rapids. Twelve commissioners were appointed to fix the point on the Rapids. These stopped over night at Mrs. Peck's house, and were persuaded by her to think favorably of the present site. It is wonderful how a good supper and a pleasant hostess can influence a party of men.

The first court was held at Sauk, in 1844, Judge Irwin presiding. Captain Moore says that the people took their arms and tomahawks with them, intending to whip out the court if their suits were decided against them, which shows how little respect the people of those days had for law givers and law. Sometime during the session two bears were seen on the island; whereupon the court adjourned, without even putting the matter to vote, until after the capture of the animals, when they took up the broken threads of their work, and went on as calmly as though they had suffered no interruption.

What is known as the middle mill-power, was claimed in June, 1844, by George W. Brown, a resident of Whitewater. The land was pre-empted in 1846, at the land sale, by William Brown, a brother of George, and now a lawyer of Baraboo, who deeded it for the claimant. George W. Brown upon his arrival in 1844, immediately set about improving the power, and in August of the same year, Marvin Blake, a brother-in-law of the Browns, George Grant and several workmen made their advent here, for the purpose of assisting in the erection of a saw mill at that point. While excavating for the mill, the workmen found the remains of a mammoth, some eight feet from the surface. The position of the bones showed the animal to have been some thirty-six feet long. The bones, though apparently well kept, on being taken from their resting place, gradually air-slacked and became dust. The mill was in running order the next spring, but, in 1847, it proving insufficient for the amount of work to be done, a better and larger mill was erected on the same power. A few months previous to the erection of the saw mill, its proprietors had built a grist mill on the opposite or north side of the river, and this was the first grist mill on the Baraboo. It began work with one ran of stone. The next year, Mr. Brown, finding that he needed more room, concluded to build an addition to the mill. The raising took place December 15th, 1847, and proved to be a fatal investment for the energetic proprietor. A bent of the frame fell, a timber striking him on the head, killing him instantly. In his death, the new country which could not well do without one of its most ambitious and respected settlers, sustained a great loss.

Lewis Hayes, Delando Pratt and Josiah Hayes, in 1845, bought a portion of the middle power and erected a shingle and lath mill, and a chair factory; but the business was continued only a short time on account of the disagreement of the firm. Philammon Pratt, in 1847, bought the saw mill and a half interest in the water power. The next year he settled with his family at this place.

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The building of the mills of course brought many new comers, and as early as 1845 quite a village had sprung up. Previous to this, times had been hard for the settlers. People pounded the wheat and corn they used for bread, or ground it in hand-mills. Captain Moore had a hand-mill which for a time served the whole country. Money was not to be had, and people had great trouble in securing their lands from parties who went about "jumping claims," the settlers in many cases not being able to make the necessary improvements to hold them, and having no means to defend their rights. Even when the land came into market in 1846, few if any were prepared to attend the sale. But at or near that time, Maxwell purchased from the government the mill claim held by Eben Peck, and in 1848 moved here with his family.

The Pecks had previously let a portion of their claim pass into the hands of Augustine Haraszthy, and he had erected a small frame house near the dam, and had opened a store there. This building the Maxwells purchased in order to obtain an undisputed title. They then built, on what is now the east side of the square, the first frame building on the north side of the river. This was for a long time known as the "corner store." The same year, 1847, the Western hotel was erected by Col. C. H. Sumner. D. K. Noyes came to town the same year, and found the Western in process of building on his arrival. This hotel was kept for a time by Colonel Sumner, and later was many years under the supervision of William Wallace. At the present writing, William Pearl, a former resident of Reedsburg, is the proprietor.

A terrible Indian scare occurred in 1844, to the people of Sauk Prairie, originating in the report that the Indians were massacring the people of Baraboo. It said here that a certain Mrs. Shew got frightened in the night, and fled in undress to her brothers, the Brewsters, with the information that Baraboo was in flames, and that the Indians were butchering the people. James A. Taylor, now of Spring Green tells quite a laughable story concerning the scare, which we will give as nearly as possible in his own words:

"I was, at the time, living with William Farnum, Sen., on the prairie near the bluffs. Some time in the night, Albert Jennison waked us up and told us that Mrs. Brewster, who lived between the Baraboo River and the bluffs, had come over the bluffs bare-footed and out of breath, bringing the news that old Richard Clark had been killed by the Indians, and his house burned, and that the savages were coming this way. We asked him what we should do, and he said that every one must take care of himself. Then he left, and I, wishing to do something for myself and country, went to John Hoover's, near by, and

told him that the Indians were coming, and that we must do something for the people. So I took a small pony of his and started over the prairie to give the alarm. I called first on Uncle Bill Johnson, telling him the story as Jenison had told me. He asked what we were to do, and I said as Jenison had done, that every one must take care of himself. I then called on Philo Barber's brother, waked him up and told him that the Indians were upon us. The strong man trembled like an aspen, and faltered, 'What shall I do?' Again I gave Jenison's advice: 'Take care of yourself.' I next called on Thomas Tabor and family, and the same question was asked, 'What shall we do?' with the same response given. I had now reached the lower part of the prairie settlement. The Tabor men concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and asked to go with me back to the bluffs. There was a terrible confusion by this time. Wagons could be heard going in every direction, and voices everywhere were asking, 'What shall we do?' Thomas Tabor made some provisions for his wife to make her escape—in some wagon, I think, to where they were thinking of making a place of defense. Then one of the Tabors got on that wee pony behind me. Both would have done so had there been room on its back, but two were all that could squeeze on. When we got to the bluffs, we learned that all the people were collecting at Uncle Bill Johnson's for self-protection. Some came in wagons, some on horseback and others on foot. They brought all the old guns and pitchforks that they could get in the hurry, and such treasures as they possessed. I believe that Uncle Teal brought his cook-stove. There were about one hundred and fifty persons in all. It was arranged that the women and children should go into the cellar and the men stand battle. While waiting for the attack the women were running bullets, and all was bustle and confusion, some asking and others advising what to do.

"We had been in suspense nearly all night, and still no sign of the Indians; and we held a council of war, and concluded to send a scout to reconnoiter the grounds in the neighborhood of Uncle Clark's house. But not a soul dared to act as scout except John Grey. He took a horse (a grey one) and started alone on his mission. An hour and a half passed and he did not return, whereupon we became more and more alarmed; and a company of men, headed by David Baxter, started out to find what had become of him. They went about a mile and met Johnny returning. They heard his story, and then put spurs to their horses and rushed back crying: 'The Indians are upon us!' What a consternation and confusion they created! The women and children fled to the cellar, and stout hearts stood still in terrible anticipation. But from John Grey we learned the true story. He had been to Uncle Clark's house. It was not burned, and Uncle Clark had no remembrance of having been massacred. In fact, he had seen or heard no Indians. Baraboo slept peacefully, undisturbed by the war-whoop of the savage. The people now concluded to disperse, and as a closing

scene, word was given to 'take aim and fire.' But to our amusement and consternation likewise, only one gun went off. By the time that daylight began to break, the fort was vacated.

"It seems from what I can learn, that Mrs. Brewster had started bare-foot, over the bluffs to Sauk Prairie on business, and had met an Indian who frightened her. Uncle Clark had that day been burning some brush-heaps, and the great smoke led Mrs. Brewster to believe that the house was burning. Her imagination did the rest."

The people here say that the scare originated with Mrs. Shew, who fled to the Brewsters with the story, whereupon Mrs. Brewster went over the bluff as described. It is said that some one stopped at the house of a lady named Harrington, telling her to fly as the Indians were massacring all of Baraboo. But she concluded that if such was the case, they would have work enough for one night; and she went to sleep again regardless of the warnings.

Eben Peck was instrumental in starting the first school at Baraboo. He induced a Mr. E. M. Hart to come here and open a private school. In 1844, a small building was erected on the south side of the river on the island, and in it Mr. Hart taught the first district school. While teaching he married one of his pupils, Miss Eveline Gibson, and this was the first marriage in the valley, with the exception of that of Abe Wood and his squaw, who were married earlier by Eben Peck, then a justice of the peace. Roswell Clemment succeeded Mr. Hart. Not long after this, a small school house was built on the north side of the river, and Ruby Cowles kept the first school in it.

Great excitement existed at the time of the land-sale and afterwards, regarding the claims. The people, unable to hold their lands by law, banded together for mutual support, until such a time as they could get the money to make their payments. The Baraboo Claimants' Association was organized September 7th, 1846, Alexander Crawford being appointed chairman of the meeting held at that time. An extract from the constitution will show its purpose:

"Whereas, Congress has from time to time passed pre-emption laws for the purpose of encouraging the settlement of the public domains and securing to settlers the benefit of their improvements, and, whereas, under a full belief in the protection afforded by these laws, many enterprising, industrious and worthy citizens have embarked their all, and been induced to settle on government land in this section of the country, thereby spending labor and means, and undergoing all the privations incident to the settlement of a new country; and whereas, government has recently proclaimed these lands for sale on the 20th of November next, without giving the usual notice of six months, as has always been done, thereby depriving the settlers of timely notice, and

placing it out of their power to procure means to purchase their lands at the public sale;—therefore for the purpose of securing to ourselves our just rights, and to protect our improvements, it is unanimously resolved that we will be in readiness to protect each other in our respective claims to the utmost of our power; and that a claim shall consist of not more than three hundred and twenty acres, in two legal subdivisions for the purpose of farms or settlement only, and not for speculation."

The officers of the association were: Harvey Canfield, president; Abe Wood, vice president, and John B. Crawford, secretary. The resolutions were signed by fifty-six persons, residents of the precinct of Baraboo. The following were within the limits of what is now the town of Baraboo, and will show who some of the early settlers were: Harvey Canfield, Ralph Cowles, Andrew Garrison, Andrew Washburn, Job Barstow, Jr., Nathan Dennison, Hiram Webster, J. T. Clemments, G. Willard, Andrew Paulson, Chester Matson, E. G. Williams, James Christie, Alex. Crawford, John B. Crawford, Dr. C. Cowles, Luther Peck, A. F. Washburn, Marvin Blake, J. H. Jackson, Job Barstow, Chauncey Brown, J. Lamar, W. B. Clement, Edward Johnson, W. H. Canfield, Erastus Gilson, James Waddle, Levi Moore, Abe Wood and H. P. VanValkenburgh.

Notwithstanding the organization of this society, the lands were in some cases entered from under the settlers. From the "Madison Express," bearing the date of August 24th, 1847, we learn more respecting the society and its work. Previously, Eben Peck had started for California, and had probably been massacred by the Indians, as nothing was ever heard of him afterward, and nearly all of his party are known so have suffered such a fate. This left Mrs. Peck to fight her battles alone, and to support herself and her two little children. A meeting of the Claimant Society was held August 10th, 1847, with James Waddle in the chair. Count Haraszthy, a Hungarian, addressed the meeting, and pictured out their wrongs in glowing terms. A committee of five was then appointed to draft new resolutions, the substance of which was as follows: "Whereas, certain persons not residing in the county, unjustly and in defiance of the rights of early settlers of the county, have entered the claims of those who from unseen and unfortunate circumstances have been unable to protect themselves, and as Chauncey Brown has chosen to seize upon and enter lands embracing all the improvements of Widow Peck, it is resolved that we will defend and protect each other: that we will prevent any and all persons from taking possession of the lands thus entered by Chauncey Brown, Jr., one Esterbrook and Simeon Crandall, and use our best endeavors to

punish any person or agent of such person who shall attempt to take possession of or improve such claims."

The fourth of July had been celebrated for the first time that year, and the table was still standing in the grove. After the resolutions had been drafted, a meeting was held at that place, and it was resolved that Simeon Crandall should listen to the reading thereof. He refusing to come peaceably, they carried him to the spot and laid him out on the table. But as soon as an opportunity occurred, he made an attempt to escape, and would have done so had not an enthusiastic dog, that had the rights of old settlers at heart, seized and detained him until his captors could again get possession of him. He was therefore obliged to listen to the reading of the resolutions: and he afterward made a satisfactory settlement with the claimants of the land. But Chauncey Brown, Jr. held on to his newly acquired property, refusing even to sell it. The enraged settlers followed him, finally to Sauk, where he had taken refuge, taking him from his bed one stormy night, and forcing him to begin with them, on foot, a return journey to Baraboo. On the way, after repeated threats of hanging, they rolled him in a mud-puddle, and that brought him to terms. He agreed for a certain amount of money to deed the land to Mrs. Peck. To consummate this, all parties went back to Sauk, where a deed was made out and the money paid into his hands. The money he gave for safe-keeping to the official by whom the business was transacted. But the matter did not end here. The deed having been obtained by force would not stand in law, and by taking the matter into the courts Brown won the case. Nor was this all. The money which was paid for the land was never returned. It is said that the official kept it. The land suit was in law five years, and cost Mrs. Peck several hundreds of dollars. This was another blow. Besides all this, not being able to prove her husband's death, she did not have the same advantages in entering lands as the others had. In order to secure herself a home, she borrowed money at fifty per cent interest and purchased an eighty acre piece, upon a part of which, she now resides.

Not long afterward, some parties attempted to erect a building on the claim of W. H. Canfield; but it was speedily torn down and burned by the society. In fact, with the exceptions mentioned, the old settlers always came out victorious, though the law was not on their side. It was too much like stirring up a nest of hornets to get possession of the lands, and few people had the courage long to continue such an unequal war.

To show the state of things, in 1847 and subsequently, we here insert some notes kindly furnished for the occasion by Mr. Charles Armstrong, now in the post office at Chicago, who arrived at this place that year. These notes he has headed

Reminiscences of the Early Settlement of Baraboo.

In the spring of the year 1847, I arrived with my wife and family at the village of St. Charles, in the state of Illinois, where my wife's sister with her husband John Locke and their family had taken up their residence. The fever and ague prevailed everywhere in the west that season. To a new comer it was very discouraging. Mr. Locke had gone to Baraboo with his son Lafayette; and his wife, now Widow Nelson, who with her daughter still reside in Baraboo, was awaiting the result of his exploration. I was introduced to Mr. Eber Crandall, who had been to Baraboo, and had entered lands upon which he intended to locate as soon as possible. His three brothers, (David, Samuel and Simon) and two sisters with their husbands and families, had already taken up their abode at Baraboo. Seeing that the ague prevailed in St. Charles, and, as far as I could learn, everywhere throughout Illinois, I concluded to start for Baraboo, where, Eber Crandall assured me, that disease did not prevail. I accompanied a man from Canada, whose name I cannot recall, he having a team of horses and a covered wagon. At that time, corn was one shilling and oats ten cents per bushel, hence our supplies did not cost much. We went by the way of Sun Prairie, my fellow traveler having a desire to visit an acquaintance, who had the previous year taken up his residence on that prairie. We stopped at Waterloo over night, and in the morning struck Sun Prairie, which at that time included all the prairie between Waterloo and Mineral Point. We drove all-day and met only one person, from whom we could get no information. Fearful of getting lost, and night coming on, we struck for the timber, and, fortunately, right to the shanty of my comrade's friends, where we stayed all night. We started early in the morning for Decorah, on the Wisconsin river, at which place we found a deserted blacksmith shop, and other marks of an abandoned settlement. We perceived a ferry boat on the other side of the river, and by waving our handkerchiefs at length persuaded the boat to come over, and it landed us safe on the west side of the Wisconsin River. We then drove over the bluffs, on the summit of which there was here and there a settler. I remember one named Lewis, an Irishman, who had served in the United States' service, and received his discharge at Fort Winnebago. Descending the bluffs to the Baraboo River, we found no habitation in sight, but discovered a rope fast to a tree and extended across the river, and on the opposite bank was a ferry boat. We yelled and halloed, and at length discovered a tin horn suspended on a small burr oak tree. Finally after repeated blowings by first one and then the other, we perceived a woman running, who jumped into the boat, took hold of the rope, and pulled the boat across to us. There

was quite a rapid current in the river, and in her efforts to get the boat across, the woman had blistered her hands. Imagine our surprise on finding her a most intelligent lady. She informed us that her husband Andrew Garrison, had gone over to their former home on Sauk Prairie, and that the hired help was with William Eiky at the lime kiln. Mrs. Garrison, now Mrs. Doctor Taylor, directed us where to find feed for the horses, and prepared for us an excellent dinner; and after partaking heartily, we started for the county seat. As we passed up the Baraboo prairie, we saw here and there a breaking team turning over the virgin soil. We passed Mrs. Peck's place—she was at that time engaged in having a house built, while she and her family occupied a shanty in the rear of her present residence. Opposite here Frederick Stanley had erected a shanty which he and his family occupied. I expected to see something of a town. But on we drove, and just as the sun was setting we came up to a log house, over the door of which was a buck's horn. I jumped out of the wagon, and the door being open, entered. The house consisted of one large room, in the middle of which, seated around a table, were some half dozen men in red shirts, playing cards. Finding I was not observed, I started back to the wagon, feeling alarmed for our ladies.* At a short distance I perceived a tall, stout built man, and stepping up to him, I said: "Sir, is there no other place that a stranger could get accommodations over night, only there?" pointing to the buck's horn. I discovered in his features an open, manly expression, and intuitively felt that we were safe. He opened his broad, frank mouth, and said: "Yes, if you will take up with such accommodations as I have in my little house, you are welcome," at the same time starting with me towards the house. On entering I found a house unsurpassed for cleanliness—in fact, one of the cleanest I ever had my foot in. This was the home of Alexander Crawford. Here he lived with his wife and his son, John. Although the couple were somewhat advanced in years, they seemed to be perfectly happy. Here I met my brother-in-law, John Locke, who was boarding with them. He had located a claim of one hundred and sixty acres, and sent his son back to St. Charles after cattle, intending to break up and improve the land, and move up his family as soon as possible. But when his son Lafayette arrived at St. Charles, he found a recruiting rendezvous bidding up for

*NOTE—I afterwards became acquainted with these red shirts, and felt ashamed of myself for being afraid of them, for they were really not bad or dangerous men. The house was owned and kept by old man Webster, after whom Webster's Prairie was named. He was in many respects a remarkable man, being possessed of a superior mind, yet totally deaf. But such was his power of observation that he could get the substance of a conversation merely by watching the motion of the lips of the person speaking. We had a meeting at Colonel Maxwell's store, and "Jings Adams" (that being the name by which he was designated) made a very good speech. After the close of the meeting I observed to a friend that it was a great pity that Webster was deprived of hearing. He stood opposite me, and immediately exclaimed: "Neighbor Armstrong, you say it is a deprivation not to hear. Why, one half that is told in the world is lies, and the other half had just as well not be heard."

volunteers for the Mexican war, and he enlisted. His love of army life never forsook him. He was among the first to enlist in the three months' service of the late war, and soon after being discharged, on expiration of time of enlistment, he re-enlisted, and was orderly sergeant of Company F, Eleventh Wisconsin infantry. So that he was in the first and in the last battle of the rebellion. Mr. Remington, then a young attorney, was boarding at Crawford's, and acting agent for the county commissioners in disposing of lots on the county seat, then called the village of Adams. I bought some three or four, not intending that I would ever settle on them. I looked around for a day or two but it was such a wilderness of a country that I could see no prospect of making my business at all profitable. I could not see where customers were to be found that would sustain a tailoring establishment. I started back for St. Charles, stopping on the way at Madison, Janesville, Beloit, and other villages, in all of which business was dull, and ague prevailing.

"I returned to St. Charles, not knowing or having determined where I would locate. Eber Crandall assured me that in a very short time Baraboo would be a large town. I finally hired teams, and with my wife and two children started thitherward. The last day of our journey we reached the foot of the bluffs about sunset, and put up at Hoover tavern. It was kept by Mr. Hoover's son-in-law, Job Barstow. Mr. Barstow piloted us, in the morning, over the bluffs. On the way, we met people who were returning from the fourth of July celebration, which I learned had been held at the house of Mrs. Peck at Baraboo. We passed over what was called the west road, and crossed the river near Wood & Moore's mill. We passed near the house occupied by Abraham Wood, and the saw-mill known as Moore & Wood's mill. The village of Lyons had the same year, or previously, been laid out. But owing to the enterprise of George and William Brown, who had that season platted the village of Baraboo, and the county commissioners having selected the quarter section of land adjoining for a county seat, the few settlers at Lyons felt somewhat jealous at the superior prospects and advancement of Baraboo. We drove on down to Brown's mill, and crossed a rude bridge which spanned the river near where the present bridge stands. Erastus Langdon had built a house (i. e. had an inclosed frame). He kindly proffered us shelter, and his kind lady prepared for us a good dinner. Dr. S. P. Angle at that time occupied a shanty near where John Loy's shop now stands. He introduced me to Colonel Maxwell, who was then engaged in the framing of a building, which was afterwards known as Maxwell's store, and stood on the corner where the Burrington Brothers afterward built a better one. I was greatly discouraged, but the old colonel, who most of his life had pioneered it, gave me every encouragement possible. He told me that Col. Sumner had gone east to Ohio, after his family, and would build a good hotel. He introduced me to old Mr. Canfield, who was a generous, good, kind hearted man, who proffered me house room free of expense, till such

times as I could build. My family, in the meantime, was at the house of Erastus Langdon, who kindly proffered to shelter us until we should conclude what we would do. Daniel Kelsey, then a young man, was boarding with them. I finally purchased Mr. Langdon's house, and he moved out and into a shed. Marvin Blake, a brother-in-law of Mr. Langdon's, lived in a shanty near where his present residence stands. The house which I bought from Mr. Langdon was neither lathed nor plastered, and it had a shake roof. Jephtha Jackson occupied a small house which stood in the street near where the American House now stands, owned at present by Mr. Peck. George and William Brown had some two years previous made claim of the land embracing the water power, and which at that time constituted the village of Baraboo proper. William had sold his interest to George, and George soon after sold a portion of the water power to Philamon Pratt, with the saw mill. George intended fully to improve the north side grist mill. In raising an addition to it, a timber fell on his head, and killed him. Delando Pratt had some two years previous purchased from the Browns a portion of the water power, and commenced the manufacture of lath and bedsteads. Owing to the sudden death of George W. Brown, business became somewhat suspended. His father, Chauncey Brown, was his legal heir, and he with his son William, administered on the estate. They proceeded to complete the mill. Philamon Pratt and the Browns became involved in law, and for years they kept up the fight, so that every term of the court Pratt vs. Brown and Brown vs. Pratt filled the calendar. Delando Pratt sold the portion of the water power which he owned to John Seaburn, and joined his father-in-law, Mr. Schimmerhorn, in the tanning business. Both of those establishments in a short time were destroyed by fire. The Browns had completed the mill, and afterwards that was burned. Such was the circumstances that myself and a few others were fully satisfied in our own minds that it was the work of an incendiary, and who he was. The dam went out, and for a long time Baraboo proper was at a stand-still, no business being done. Finally Joseph F. Sanford and Patrick A. Bassett bought it and built the present mill, now owned by Mr. R. H. Strong.

Lyman Clark came to Baraboo in the spring of 1847, and pre-empted forty acres, now being sold off in lots, directly southeast of the original village of Baraboo. But anxious to build a hotel, he disposed of it to Judge Camp for a mere trifle. Lyman built the Baraboo House. He never turned any away, money or no money, and frequently would apply to me to lodge some of his guests; and he would often consult with me as to the best means to help some new arrival. I remember one morning he came to my house and said that there was a family consisting of a man and wife with two children, that had been stopping at his house for some days, and were out of money; that the man was sick, and the woman was a tailoress, and willing to work; that he had a span of young horses and a wagon. The day previous Clark said he had killed his only cow for meat, and had not feed for this man's horses.

I went over and found the family greatly discouraged. I owned a shanty and lot near where Mr. Patrick Dougherty now resides. On consulting with him, they concluded to move into it. Soon the man recovered his health, and in a short time he purchased land north of Baraboo and the Wisconsin River, where, I believe he still resides. His family are grown up, and, I understand, all are in comfortable circumstances. His name is Gardiner Myers. After he had become prosperous, I joked him relative to his feeling so discouraged on his first arrival. He stutters slightly. Said he: "Wh-wh-who in h-h-hell would not have been d-d-discouraged. They had k-k-killed the old cow for meat, and I made out to crawl down to the stable to see what c-c-condition the colts were in: expected they w-w-ould have to go n-n-next for meat."

Col. D. K. Noyes, then a young man, came the same year, and I think, taught school one quarter. He then engaged in land agency, pre-empting and entering for settlers. As there was no room in the tavern in which to transact business, he would run over to my house, which consisted of one room, with a shed in the rear. In that room, I carried on tailoring; had my work-bench, the cooking stove, table, etc. Sometimes a half dozen of neighbors, beside him, would come over with two or three new arrivals, and make out their pre-emption papers or contract, to enter lands for them. It was fun for us men, but pretty trying for the women, who, at times, were greatly bothered to get along with the house work. It soon became evident that David's mind was not settled. He hurried up, the next season, a little house near where Daniel Kelsey lives, and then started for Vermont. In a few weeks, he returned with his better-half, and went to house-keeping.

The first political meeting I attended in the west was held at Widow Peck's house. She had built her house that year. The upper part was a hall, where Harris Searl, who was justice of the peace, and resided with Mrs. Peck, held his court. Being the only large room in the vicinity, it was used for public meetings, balls, etc. In the fall of 1847, Colonel Batkin, then a lawyer, who, by the way, was a great practical joker, residing at Madison, was a candidate for member of the territorial council. The district embraced Dane, Columbia, Sauk and Marquette counties. The Colonel was a whig, and his competitor, whose name I have forgotten, resided in Marquette county. It was agreed that they would jointly canvas the district; hence, they were to hold a joint discussion at Baraboo. Public notice having been given, nearly all the inhabitants turned out, so that Mrs. Peck's hall was well filled. By agreement, it was Colonel Batkin's privilege to open the discussion. He commenced by complimenting the intelligence of his auditors, whom he flattered up to the highest notch, and in eloquent and glowing terms, eulogized the beautiful valley of the Baraboo, dwelling on its magnificent advantages, its water power, its great manufacturing resources, its romantic scenery, its productive soil, etc. Then he paused, and at length exclaimed: "One thing you especially need, and you are justly entitled to it; and that is, a good highway, a good

road over the bluffs. How can you procure it? How can that most desirable end be attained? I will tell you how! If, through your sufferance, I have the honor to represent you in the territorial council, send me your petition to organize a company for the purpose of Macadamizing the highway over the bluffs. You don't desire to subject the inhabitants of Sauk Prairie to pay toll on the way to your mills, nor persons coming to transact business at the county seat. Hence, I shall endeavor to get an appropriation from the territorial treasury to Macadamize that road." Of course the cheers rolled up for Colonel Batkin. His competitor hemmed and hawed, and assured them if they voted for him he would do all for them that Colonel Batkin could do or had promised to do. The meeting closed with a speech from Hon. William Welsh, of Madison. Then Jim Badger struck up the violin, many joined in the dance, and did not go home till morning. The next discussion between these two gentlemen was at Prairie du Sac. The Colonel's competitor led off; so he thought he would take all the wind out of the Colonel's sails. He started in, depreciating their condition, being shut out from communication with the beautiful valley of the Baraboo, and having to pass over such a miserable, dangerous road. If he should be elected, he would put a bill through the legislature appropriating a sum towards Macadamizing the bluffs. At that time, Prairie du Sac was smarting under the removal of the county seat, and hoped to get it back again; hence, anything that would contribute to the advancement of Baraboo, Prairie du Sac was decidedly opposed to. The Colonel rejoined: "Fellow citizens: I am astonished at the diabolical proposition made by the gentleman. What is that he proposes? Why, that you shall be taxed to build up a town in a barren, worthless, rocky, stone bound region, where there is no town, nor never ought to be one! When I looked upon your beautiful rich prairie, your magnificent river, the trade and business, which must necessarily center here, I think with indignation of the proposition made by my opponent, that you shall be taxed to help build up a competing town, where neither God nor a sensible man ever intended there should be one." The Colonel was overwhelmingly elected. He carried both sides of the bluffs.

The following year, George Hiles built a rough building, directly west of the Baraboo House, for a store. He procured some whisky and a few groceries. Soon after, William Hoxie came from McHenry County, Ill. He brought with him a remnant of an old stock of goods, and went into partnership with Hiles. In a short time Samuel Hiles came. Mr. Hoxie was elected justice of the peace. W. H. Clarke, known as "Major Clarke," also as the "Lion of Sauk," at that time resided at Sauk City, but soon after removed to Baraboo. He was considered the best counselor at law that the county afforded. Among the first cases which were tried before Esquire Hoxie, a motion was made to dismiss. It was argued pro and con. The court seemed perplexed—hesitated. Samuel Hiles was present: he watched earnestly the countenance of

the justice. His sympathies evidently prompted him to assist the court. At length he exclaimed: "Squash the d—d thing, Bill: squash it!"

In 1849, Rev. Warren Cochran came. He was a man of a very decided positive character. He thought his mission demanded that every thing should move under his dictation, and yet, I presume he was sincere. He was opposed to every kind of amusement. He had great powers of invective. I remember once hearing him preach, in which he denounced and ridiculed dancing. "Some," said he, "hold that it teaches them to be graceful in their movements, and really teaches them gentility. Well," said he, "in this locality, they have a quadruped to teach them manners." James Badger was the fiddler. On the day following this sermon, William Dunlap, who was then sheriff of the county, met Badger and told him that Cochran had outrageously abused him. "Why, he called you the worst name that could possibly be applied to any one, a quadruped!" "What is that?" says Badger. "Why, it is the worst name that could be given to any person. I would prosecute him! Right out before the whole congregation he called you a quadruped." Neither Dunlap nor Badger knew what the term meant, and Badger was for some days in dead earnest to prosecute Cochran for slander.

Judge Camp came, I think, in 1848—it may have been 1849. There were several from Litchfield county, Connecticut, who came about the same time; among whom were Mr. Tuttle, now in the nursery business, and who was for a time a partner with David Munson in the merchantile business; Deacon Clark and family and others. Lodge Brier came from Indiana, but was a brother-in-law of Judge Clark and also of James Maxwell. Brier was a millwright and built the mills known as the Maxwell Mills—now converted into a woolen factory.

Warren Cochran sought to make Baraboo just what a quiet New England village was, not considering that our population was cosmopolitan, and could not all be alike. But such was his organization that every one must submit to what he deemed right. However, he saw the necessity of combining as many of the religious elements in one body as possible. Being himself a Congregationalist, he sought to unite the Presbyterian element with the Congregational. For a time it seemed to progress favorably, but there was Deacon Lodge Brier, a hoosier, possessed of all the rigid prejudices of the old Scotch-Irish character, Judge Camp and Deacon Clark also, who had come from Litchfield County, Connecticut. Then there was Doctor Cowles, who taught the choir, and who really never meant anything by his religion. Such discordant elements of course could not long remain united. Disagreement and difference of views sprung up. Elder Cochran would not yield a hair's breadth. Judge Camp was the leader of the opposition: Deacon Brier sided with the judge; Deacon Marvin Blake stood in the breach, trying to conciliate both sides. They had a very angry discussion at a church meeting held on a certain Saturday afternoon. Dr. Cowles, laughing in his sleeve at the whole performance, sided with the

elder. Elder Cochran preached the next day, and took for his subject "Prejudice." He eloquently portrayed the various manifestations of prejudice, and finally exclaimed: "There are those in the congregation who, if they were transferred to heaven in their present condition, would walk the gold-beaten streets of the New Jerusalem, and gaze on its pearly walls—yes, they would walk up to those walls and pick those pearls, and deliberately turn around and say: 'We have got as good an article as these in Litchfield!'" That was the hair that broke the camel's back. No more union of Presbyterians and Congregationalists in Baraboo. The elder next attacked secret societies, Masonry and Odd Fellowship. Well, we had neither then at Baraboo, but the boys had a society known as the "One Thousand and Ones." It was a burlesque on all secret organizations. But the elder, in his sermon, after denouncing Masonry and Odd Fellowship, said: "Here, I understand, is another order called 'One Thousand and One.' I don't know what that order is, but I believe it consists of one thousand rascals to one decent man."

We organized a lyceum and debating club, and invited some of the ablest lecturers of the times, among whom was Leabod Codding. Mr. Codding was pleased with the liberal sentiment of Baraboo. He did much to elevate the standard of free thought, and divested orthodoxy of some of its more odious features. The result of his labors was the organization of the Unitarian or liberal Christian church, and the erection of their meeting house. But there was still a more liberal element prevailing in that community—a class who demanded the reasons, the whys and wherefores of every doctrine. But the war commenced, and that absorbed every consideration. Hardly a regiment left the state for the seat of war, that had not a representative of Sauk County in its ranks. Sauk County was patriotic.

Mr. Armstrong's reminiscences having brought us to 1861, we now find it necessary to return in order to give other portions of history and reminiscences previous to this time, and some of which are dated before Mr. Armstrong's advent here. It may be that some slight contradictions may be apparent in this work, as notes are taken from many different persons, and it cannot be expected that after the lapse of so many years, the memories of all will prove faultless. We believe, however, that in the main, the history is correct, and if any contradictions appear, they are of slight import.

In 1842, Captain Moore and D. C. Barry, in company with one or two others, while out on a hunting expedition, made a discovery of Narrows Prairie. As there was no other claimants, they felt rich beyond measure. Their only trouble was in dividing it to suit all parties. While on this trip they made a camping ground on the prairie near the river. One day, Captain Moore shot four mallard ducks, which, not

being immediately needed, were dressed and hung up for another occasion. The next day, Captain Moore happened to get into camp before any of the others. He had done none of the company's cooking; but now it occurred to him that it would be well, since he was very hungry himself, and he was sure the others would be half famished, for him to get the dinner under way. So he proceeded to make the fire and get the ducks on, stewing. Supposing the fowls to be ready for cooking, he tossed them into the kettle, and when they were sufficiently tender, he put in some sliced potatoes, as he had seen the others do: and soon he had what he considered a first-class stew. When the others came into camp, their dinner was waiting for them, and right glad were they that this was the case. With a hearty good will they began the meal, which they were eating with a keen relish, when one of the number fished out a gizzard. There were enough to go around, and each of the others claimed one. Barry made an attempt to cut his in two, but for some unexplained reason, pushed it aside. One of the others, more greedy, crammed a whole one into his mouth and began to chew it—only to find his mouth filled with sand and gravel. With a naughty ejaculation, he spit it out. The captain now saw something was wrong with the dinner, and by observing the gizzard which he had on his own dish, he discovered that it had not been opened and cleansed. It is perhaps needless to add that the captain was relieved from all further responsibility in the cooking department, during the remainder of that trip.

W. H. Canfield, a well known surveyor, came to this part of the country in 1842. He found his way hither from Madison by means of marked trees, the wood having been surveyed but not improved. He took up some land, near Skillet Falls, some three miles from Baraboo. Himself and wife lived in a dry goods' box for six weeks, and until the erection of a log house was effected. Hiram Webster, now a blacksmith on Third street, was also one of the comers of 1842.

A Methodist society was organized in 1843, but a church was not built until 1849. It was a rough, board building, but it was the first church in the village. It stood on one corner of the lot now occupied by the new Methodist church, which was erected in 1854. The first presiding elder was Rev. B. T. Kavanaugh. The society had at that time only six members, and belonged to the Sauk mission. In 1849, it became a separate society, and took the name of the Adm's Mission, having Rev. Asa Wood as minister in charge. The church is now flourishing under the ministration of Rev. J. F. Irish.

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The first physician in Baraboo was Dr. Chas. Cowles. He came from Ohio to Milwaukee in 1846. Milwaukee at that time had less than two dozen houses in it. Leaving his wife and child in the Milwaukee woods, he went to Baraboo, or rather to the residence of his father, Judge Lauren Cowles, four miles below Baraboo. The judge started immediately after his son's wife and child, but owing to the bad state of the roads, it took two weeks to make the trip. The doctor began to practice at once in this part of the country. But that was up-hill work in those days. In January, 1847, he showed on one occasion a most remarkable endurance—going after supper to see a patient a distance of sixty-four miles, facing a keen north wind, and stopping for neither rest or refreshments of any kind. The next year the doctor came to Baraboo and purchased the two lots where his residence now is. The total cost of the lots was seven dollars. He still continues to practice here. He gave the amount of his practice in 1874 as \$2,500.15. Dr. Cowles says that Baraboo was settled by the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devils; these formed three distinct classes of society, though only the last bears its original name at the present time.

David, Samuel and Simeon Crandall, brothers, in company with Ira Angle and G. W. Knapp, came to Baraboo in 1846, and the five and their families moved into the log school-house on the south side, where they remained until buildings could be erected. Samuel Crandall was one of the first physicians in the valley. In 1851 he went to Florida and died there. David Crandall and family still reside here.

Another arrival of 1846, was the Walbridges, Elisha and Eleazer, brothers. The former died in the army, and his wife, who was Miss Harriet E. Knapp, pined away with sorrow at his death and two years later departed this life. Eleazer Walbridge is a real estate and insurance agent, still residing here. Mr. Herschinger, now proprietor of a feed store on Water street, came to town the same year.

At the land sale, which took place in 1846, one of the county commissioners, Prescott Brigham, purchased the quarter section of land, now including Baraboo proper, with his own money, for the county. The commissioners platted a village, having the court house square in the center, and named it Adams. This was done in April, 1847. The plat extended to the center of the range of block between Bench and Water streets. The land to the south was owned by George Brown, and lay in an adjoining town. A month after the platting of Adams, George Brown laid out a portion of his property into village lots, and named the same Baraboo. The villages continued to be separate until

the village charter, which was obtained in May, 1866, united them under the name, Baraboo. The name of Adams was, we believe, dropped in 1852, the post office here being known as Baraboo, and both places were looked upon from that time as one and the same. Several additions have been made to the original plat, viz: Mrs. Peck's First Addition, June 15, 1849; Wallace's Addition, August 9, 1849; Mrs. Peck's Second Addition, July, 1855; English's Addition, November, 1856; Moore & Drown's Addition, April, 1860; Thomas' Addition, May, 1873; Camp's Addition, September, 1874; Brown's Addition, October, 1873; and Langdon's Addition, July, 1874. R. G. Camp, in July, 1855, laid out an addition east of Mrs. Peck's addition, which he called the village of Litchfield, and his son Arthur made an addition to the village of Litchfield in September, 1873. These last two additions are not incorporated with the village of Baraboo.

In 1846, an embryo village was platted west the first great bend of the Baraboo river, and named Lyons. It was thought to build up the city there; but the scheme did not succeed. Lyons is not yet incorporated with the village of Baraboo, but probably will be in time. Manchester lying one half mile to the southeast of Baraboo, was surveyed and platted in June, 1850, under the direction of Walter P. Flanders. Like Lyons, it will probably some day be a part of Baraboo.

The first election held under the village charter polled one hundred and four votes. The following were the officers elected: President, S. M. Burdick; Board of Trustees, B. F. Mills, A. Andrews, T. D. Long, Dr. J. R. Hall, B. L. Purdy and C. C. Remington. The latter did not qualify, and C. A. Sumner was appointed in his place. Dr. J. R. Hall was elected by the entire one hundred and four votes. The election took place April 2nd, 1847. On the fifth of the same month, the following officers were appointed: John Barker, Clerk: C. C. Remington, Attorney: J. C. Dockum, Constable: R. M. Strong, Treasurer, and M. C. Wait, Fire Warden.

A court house was erected in 1847, north of the public square. It was built of wood, and was for a time the pride of the village. All the gatherings, from a court down to a kissing-bee, were held there for some time. The men, not quite satisfied with the workmanship, spent the hours while listening to lectures and trials, in carving the seats and other wood-work with their jack-knives. It is said that the effect was more curious than beautiful. It was pronounced unfit for use, and a new brick court house was erected on the public square in 1856, at which time the old building became the office of the "Republic." But

so dilapidated did it finally become, that even printers refused to inhabit it, and it was moved and turned into a saloon, for such falls even court-houses sometimes have. It was destroyed in a conflagration, on the night of July 4th, 1859, with several business houses. The fire was supposed to have originated in the fire-works. The editor of the "Republic" remembered his old love in a mournful obituary notice.

A jail, which was also built in 1847, is said to have resembled a dry-goods box, and was not sufficiently strong to hold anybody. In fact, it does not seem to have been an unpleasant thing to be a prisoner in those early days, or even ten years later, since the "Republic" of March 21st, 1857, thus describes how a prisoner of that time was treated:—"He sleeps at the Western hotel, the best in town, eats his breakfast there, and lounges around the village, gossiping with the merchants and clerks until the gong sounds for dinner, which meal he eats with as good a grace as if he, instead of the county, paid for it. Afternoon and evening are spent in the same manner, with the single welcome interruption of tea; and at a tolerably reasonable hour our prisoner goes to bed, not being, we fear, either a saddler or wiser man. He has no disposition to run away, considering himself as he does the best treated man in Sauk County. We understand that the sheriff proposed to him to work on his farm, but he was informed by this gentlemanly prisoner that the county had agreed to support him three months without work." That individual was thus punished (?) for stealing a cow. The present jail was erected that year, (1857) and enlarged in 1864.

A companion to the above incident is one that is told of Sheriff Lyman Crossman and Charles Rillerod, and occurred in Lyons in 1848. The two are said to have taken "a drop too much," and while fording the river at that point, got into a fight. While the blows were falling heavy and fast, Crossman remembering his position, commanded: "Peace! I am the sheriff!" But the other only threw his fist about the faster, exclaiming: "By Gott, your jureesdektion don't extend on water, if him do on land!"

Some incidents in the law business are fully as humorous. A certain case was being tried before Judge Dixon in 1858, C. C. Remington of Baraboo and J. W. Johnson of Madison being opposing attorneys. Mr. Johnson, though bearing the reputation of smartness second to no one in this part of the country, was addicted to drink. Upon this weak point, his opponent touched, mentioning him as a "drunken black-guard." Mr. Johnson calmly arose to respond. He said that he had practiced law a long while, but had never before been so insulted and

abused, and much more to the same effect, pacing the floor while he spoke, and, at every turn, coming nearer to his opponent. Then he paused, and addressing the judge, said: "And now, may it please the court, I'll wring Mr. Remington's nose." Before the sentence was half complete, he had suited the action to the words, and that gentleman's nose, was the sufferer to the loss of the cuticle. Other persons interfered, and the two men separated, and as a consequence two law-suits had to be tried instead of one. Mr. Johnson was fined one hundred dollars for the assault. But Levi Crouch, also a member of the bar, got up a petition, which was signed by nearly all the lawyers in this circuit, begging that the fine be remitted. The court was favorable to this petition, and after expressing his firm belief in the good judgment of the signers, remitted the fine.

In 1847, Eben Peck lost sixteen head of cattle by disease, and in order to make some use of the hides, he improvised a tannery, using canoes for vats. A part of the leather thus made, furnished bands for the Honey Creek mill. The remainder was given away. The next year Daniel Schermerhorn, a relative by marriage to the Pratt family, erected a tannery on the property belonging to Philammon Pratt. Later Mr. Schermerhorn removed to Juneau County, and died there in the fall of 1875.

A Congregational society was organized in December, 1847, with Rev. W. Cochran presiding. It had at that time but eight members. They built a church in 1852. In 1869 the membership had increased to seventy persons. But an ill feeling arose among them, which increased with great rapidity. Mr. Cochran is represented as being a man of stubborn radical sentiments, wielding a tongue of keen satire, and sending his thrusts, at all times, to all opponents whether in the church or out of it. He was at variance with the Camp family, and an allusion to them in a sermon is said to have been the final cause of the division of the society. The withdrawing members formed a Second Presbyterian church, which was finally united with the First. These were in the majority, and they claimed the new Congregational church building which had been erected a short time previous to the division of the society. The remaining members disputed the right of ownership of the others, and the matter was taken into the courts. The case was settled in favor of the Congregationalists. Rev. O. G. May is now the presiding minister of the latter society.

There was finally a rupture between Mr. Cochran and the parties who had allied themselves to his cause. It was concerning the proper dis-

position of some missionary funds. On beginning his farewell sermon, the minister informed his hearers that he intended to be personal, and if any persons feared listening to allusions to themselves, they were at liberty to leave at once. No one going, he went on with a description of a monster of sin that almost made every one's hair stand on end; and then while all were breathlessly anxious to hear whom he would name as that monster, he said: "I do not know whether this individual is here to-day or not, but I do know that some of his children are here. Would you know his name? It is the devil."

Returning to the mills, we find that in 1847, John Metcalf and Frank Crossman purchased the upper mill power, the latter selling his interest at the end of three years to Nathan Paddock and Martin Waterman. In 1855, this firm put up a furniture shop, and in 1857 they erected a new mill. But in 1859 it became involved, and the next year Waterman and Paddock went farther west. Levi Moore operated the mill some four years, when the death of Mr. Metcalf put that gentleman's share of the property into the hands of L. J. Claude, a creditor; and Terrill Thomas took control of the mill. In 1868, Paddock having returned, sold the Paddock-Waterman interest to Terrill Thomas; and the latter's brother, T. C. Thomas, became a partner. In 1875, the property was sold to Jacob Hespeler of Canada.

In 1848, Maxwell and son and L. Brier began the building of a mill on the Maxwell power, and during the season they sold a half interest in the power to J. F. Flanders and Ben. McVicar, building for them a flouring mill worth ten thousand dollars, which was completed that same winter. In 1850, Brier built a carding mill. The same year the parties owning the power swapped property, Flanders taking the saw mill and all the water power except two hundred inches which went to Maxwell with the flouring mill. Subsequently, the saw mill was burned, and later, in 1856, Flanders sold his part of the power to Charles Cook, who built another saw mill and purchased the carding mill. Mr. Baldwin put up a tannery about the same time. Cook became involved in the hard times of 1857, and the property went back to the former owners.

The next year John Dean arrived and leased the Flanders woolen mill building and power, putting in the works for a woolen factory, and, assisted by his brothers William and James, he run the factory some seven years. At the end of that time, he took A. Andrews into partnership, purchased the Maxwell grist mill and fitted it up with woolen mill machinery. A year later, Andrews sold his interest to Henry

Rich, who shortly afterward resold to Dean. In 1869, the woolen works went into the hands of James Dean, W. C. Greaves and Joseph Ellis. The next year, G. H. Bacon, Ira L. Humphrey and Joseph Ellis owned the property, and the same year Flanders sold his part of the water power to some Milwaukeeans. A year later William S. Grubb became its purchaser, and he in the fall of '74 made it over to J. C. Spencer, who has since erected a grist mill there. Bacon finally sold his interest of the Maxwell water power to M. J. Drown.

Pigeons were so numerous at one time in 1847, that they formed at times a dark canopy over the country, shutting out the sun like a rain-cloud; and when they alighted the trees were often broken down by their weight. The same year the country was besieged by an army of locust. The latter injured nothing but the oaks, which they stripped of leaves more completely than a winter frost could have done. Where the locust came from was a mystery to the people. They seemed to arise from the ground, and so numerous were the burrows from which they came, that the soil bore the appearance of a honey-comb. Then such a band of musicians as the little fellows were! Old settlers say that people had to bawl at the top of their voices to be heard at all. When the locasts got tired of visiting the outer world, they crept back into their holes and disappeared from view, to be seen no more for seventeen years. In 1864, they made another visit, but were not so numerous as before. The oaks in 1847 leaved out a second time in September.

A Baptist society was organized in 1847, by Rev. P. Conrad of Prairie du Sac. It began with only five members, and the meetings were held in the old log school house.

The first milliner in town was Miss Cythera, now Mrs. C. Harrison. She had no capital but her hands, her blocks (home made concerns) and a few bundles of straw which she had gathered from the fields to make into hats. She began business in 1849, and continued until 1851.

The Wisconsin House was built in 1850 by a German by the name of Connell, who kept it eight years. Herman Albiecht and John Schlag are now the proprietors. Mr. Albiecht enlarged that hotel in 1868. The house bears a good reputation among the traveling public. Both of the proprietors are old settlers. A hotel called the American House was also built in 1850 by J. W. Jackson. Since 1868 it has been kept by E. T. Peck, who changed its name to the Peck House.

Among the settlers of 1850 we note the following: Thomas Buckley, a stone mason, who did the first stone cutting done in Baraboo. He

lived in the village until death took him away, and was always considered a good citizen. George Mertens came the same year to Sauk Prairie, and two years later opened an abstract and insurance office in the village. He still does business on the north side of the square.

John Taylor, who proved to be a very energetic and worthy citizen, was a settler of 1850. He is said to have done more at that time in building up Baraboo than any other one man. The Headquarters and several other then large buildings were erected by him.

The first newspaper of Baraboo was started in June, 1850, by A. McFadden and C. H. McLaughlin. It was a Whig paper, and bore the name of "Sauk County Standard." During the five years and five months that it lived, it changed proprietors with an alarming rapidity; and early in the second year changed its politics as well, Mr. McFadden retiring at that time and Mr. Laughlin continuing the business alone, M. C. Waite appearing as editor. May 8th, 1851, Duncan C. Niven succeeded Mr. Waite. August 31st, 1851, J. H. Waggoner and George R. Clarke purchased the office. About the first of January, 1852, Mr. Waggoner transferred his interest to R. H. Davis, and the office was conducted under the firm name of Davis & Clarke. August 18th, 1852, D. S. Vittum and C. H. McLaughlin were the proprietors, Mr. Vittum being editor. January 1853, Mr. Vittum withdrew, and Mr. McLaughlin remained sole proprietor. August of the same year, R. C. Gould became associated with Mr. McLaughlin. August 30th, 1854, Mr. Jack Ambler, from Hillsdale, Michigan, purchased the office. Only a few days after arriving here with his family, he was taken sick, and on September 22th notice of the death of Mr. Ambler appeared at the head of the editorial column. Mrs. Ambler engaged A. C. Holt to conduct the paper: but subsequently sold it to D. S. Vittum, and he immediately resold it to Mrs. R. Peek, who put her son Victor into the office. He associated with him James I. Dennis. They changed the name to the "Sauk County Democrat." Later J. W. Phelps took the editorial chair, and was succeeded early in 1856 by Mr. J. W. Wells. Mrs. Peek says that the two latter named men practiced a sharp grab game, and got all the money belonging to the concern, leaving her several hundred dollars out of pocket. She closed the office and discontinued the paper in November, 1856.

In 1850, a large and more commodious school-house was built, which served for union school purposes until 1865, when it was found that it was too small to accommodate the increased population, and measures were taken to build another. In both instances, a portion of the people

were anxious to have the territory divided into districts, but the union school system prevailed. On the 1st of February, 1868, the district treasurer received the first ten thousand dollars, and on the 30th of July of the same year, began paying it out, and by the 1st of January, 1869, had paid out for school-house site, brick and other materials for school-house, \$8,278.00. In February, 1869, he received \$5,000 more and commenced work on the building in April. During the fall of 1869, the school board hired \$7,076 to carry on the work. In February, 1870, they received by tax \$6,500, and hired from the state school fund \$10,000 on ten years time. The school-house and grounds cost about \$30,000. The delay in commencing building was caused by a quarrel as to location, the voters at the different school meetings changing the location three or four different times, once or twice after the district board had bought the lands, causing thereby quite a loss, as they were unable to sell for as much as they had to pay. The loss on the lands was about \$1,500.

Catholicism was introduced at quite an early day by Father Gardner, who made trips from Sauk to this place, and others, on foot. Services were held in private houses. In 1851 the society bought the old Congregational church, and used it until 1874, when they began the erection of a larger and more commodious place of worship. Several priests have officiated at different times. The present incumbent is Father Ligneal.

The Presbyterian society was organized in 1851, with Rev. James H. Kasson in charge. It began with fourteen members. The first church was built in 1852, and still a larger one in 1873. The next year a charter was received for a Masonic lodge.

Among the settlers of 1851, we find J. W. Hurlbert and Ransom Jones, who opened the first tin shop in the place. Hurlbert went out at the end of six months, and Jones continued the business alone. He is now retired, but is remembered as one of the strictly honest business men of town. Another settler of 1851 is Thomas Oats, a wagon maker, still doing business here.

During the year 1852, Phillip Pointon, senior, in company with his son, Phillip, started a pottery. It was worked for several years, and made good ware, but was finally destroyed by fire. Mair Pointon, another son of the senior Pointon is at present in the employ of Judge Lusk, at the court-house.

Of the saw-log war, which occurred in 1851, the Baraboo and Reedsburg people give slightly different versions, though in the main both agree. All the mill men in those times cut logs on government land,

and they do not deny that the logs which the Reedsburg mill men saw fit to hold were so obtained. Mr. Reed, the owner of the Reedsburg mill, in order to compel a seizure of the logs and thereby get them at low figures, dammed the Baraboo with a heavy timber, thus detaining the logs which the Baraboo people had cut. This angered the mill men at this point. Mr. P. Pratt was particularly interested, and was very energetic in his endeavors to have the logs released. Some knowing ones volunteered to right the matter in an amicable way. On a certain day, a large delegation started for Reedsburg. The knowing ones, who were James Maxwell, Colonel Maxwell, John Taylor and David Munson, proposed that the remainder of the delegation should halt a short distance from Reedsburg, while they went ahead to reconnoiter the situation. This was done. But after two or three hours waiting the men who had been left behind got tired, and concluded to see what was going on. They found on their arrival at Reedsburg that the knowing ones were having a feast, and that the question of releasing the logs had not been agitated. Mr. Pratt says that the Reedsburg people stuck their thumbs to their noses and wiggled their fingers at those who demanded the release of the logs, and that they went home cowed and disgusted. But the next day except one, they became desperate. They pressed nearly every man in the village into service, telling every one to take his gun and tomahawk along, and with the deputy United States Marshall at their head, started forth for action. The logs were, of course, speedily released, though the Reedsburg people did arrest the Marshall for his part in the transaction. The affair, however, never came to trial.

The next war was the women's whisky raid. During the spring of 1854 a great temperance excitement prevailed. It was owing in part to the consequences arising from excessive liquor drinking on the part of the greater portion of the men, and from the spirited discourses of Rev. W. Cochran, a Congregational minister, and Rev. W. H. Thompson, a Methodist minister, both of whom were doing duty as pastors of their respective churches at that time. A lawyer by the name of J. H. Pratt is also said to have been instrumental in deciding the women of Baraboo to make a raid on the whisky shops. One fine spring morning, a large number of the women organized and began the attack, commencing at the saloon of the Wisconsin House, then kept by a German having the name of Connell. Among the fair raiders were the following: Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Flanders, Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Ada Feebles, Mrs. Newson, Miss Newson, Mrs. Rockwood, Mrs. Crain, Miss Crain, Mrs. Eber Crandall, Miss Lowell, Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Parish and Miss Bat-

cles. There were several others, but the writer is not informed of their names. With dauntless courage they proceeded with the raid, carrying out and emptying everything that contained any liquor. Miss Battles unaided bore casks of wine and beer from the cellar to the street, bursting in the heads with a hatchet which she carried for the purpose, and watching the liquid with evident satisfaction as it spurted upward and then fell to the ground. Some of the ladies demolished a barrel which upon investigation was found to have contained vinegar. Major Clark, who was quietly looking on, is said to have exclaimed: "Fity to have so much good liquor wasted," and to have tried to save it by scooping up handfuls, which he transferred to his—well, his pockets. From Connell's the raiders went to Peter Van Wendel's saloon. The proprietor attempted to defend his place with a rusty musket, and one Joel Ketchum, noted for always being dirty and ragged, came to Van Wendel's assistance. As Ketchum was trying to bar their entrance, one of the women caught him by the waistband and jerked him suddenly aside. The jerk caused the fastenings to give way, when to the consternation of all present the inmentionables fell off in their presence. At this state of affairs, Deputy Sheriff Chapman advanced, bearing a brace of revolvers, and began to read the riot act, calling at intervals for the crowd to disperse. "Disperse!" he cried. "Mr. Cochran," addressing one of the ministers, "you disperse!" But Mr. Cochran informed him that he did not know how. Several of the women were arrested, taken to Sauk and fined, Lawyer Pratt taking the side of the prosecution. Failing to pay the fine they were given into the custody of Sheriff Munson, who brought them back to Baraboo and released them. The fine was never paid. But the husbands of the women made up a purse for Connell to make good the damage. Lawyer Pratt's perfidy to the cause is still the subject of remark. He not only appeared for the opposition, but allowed them to be sued for spilling a barrel of port wine in place of the vinegar which they had wasted, sustaining the wine acquisition.

Rev. Warren Cochran in 1854 opened a select school, with a view to founding a college in Baraboo. Money was raised on subscription and a building was erected for the purpose. The school was known as the collegiate institute, and flourished until the new graded school in 1870 went into operation. The school was at different times, in the charge of Mr. Cochran, Prof. E. F. Hobart, Prof. J. S. Kimball, Miss Almira B. Savage and others.

Baraboo has never seemed disposed to favor women's equality with men, yet in 1853 Mrs. L. F. Perkins, widow of John D. Perkins, a

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lawyer, was appointed post-mistress, and filled the position with ability for several years.

"The Baraboo Republic" made its appearance July 14th, 1855. It was moved from Portage to this place. Its proprietors were D. K. and S. Noyes. In October of the same year, the latter withdrew and D. K. Noyes continued alone. He being called to the legislature that year, N. W. Wheeler, an able and well-known lawyer of the present day, now located at Chippewa Falls, served as editor during his absence. The paper early espoused the principles of the young Republican party, and did good service during the campaign of 1856. Just before the close of the campaign, Noyes sold the paper to A. N. Kellogg and H. A. Perkins for eight hundred dollars. In December, 1859, Kellogg purchased Perkin's half, the latter removing to Cedar Falls, Iowa, where he and his brother, George D. Perkins, previously "devil" in the "Republic" office, and now state senator from Sioux City, started the "Cedar Falls Gazette." Kellogg continued the publication of the "Republic" until May, 1862, but in July 1861, he inaugurated a new method of publication, which, though it met for a time with strenuous opposition, has since proved popular with the newspaper country press, it having been adopted at various times by over three thousand publishers. In consequence of the enlistment among the three years men of his fastest compositor, Mr. Joseph I. Weirich (now one of the proprietors of the paper) Mr. Kellogg found himself unable to get out his regular paper, and so issued a half sheet containing local news and advertisements, and along with it another half sheet which he ordered to be printed in Madison, containing the war news. Mr. James Cowles, the mail carrier, received great credit for his promptness in securing those supplements, for he insisted on having them printed by the "Madison Journal" office between his arrival there Monday evening and his return early the next morning. The next week, Kellogg avoided the difficulty of issuing two half sheets by having the "Journal" print two of his pages on one side of a whole sheet, leaving the other side to be struck off in Baraboo. His simple idea proved a great success, and was within a few months adopted by the "Broadhead Reporter," the "Mauston Star," "Columbus Journal," and others. Kellogg sold out the "Republic" in May, 1862, to C. E. Stuart and John W. Blake, and not long afterward removed to Chicago, where he commenced furnishing publishers with these half printed sheets. There are said to be nineteen hundred country papers who are successfully reaping the benefit of the experiment first tried by the "Baraboo Republic," over one

third of which Mr. Kellogg supplies from his Chicago office and his branch office in Saint Louis. In the summer of 1863, Mr. Blake bought out Mr. Stuart's interest, and was sole proprietor until 1865, when William Hill took charge of the paper, as its editor and proprietor, and he ran it several years. He finally sold it to J. I. Weirich, who after a time associated with him E. E. Woodman. It is an eight column paper entirely printed at home.

In 1856, a female seminary was established, with Miss Mary A. Potter as principal. It was under the direction of the Presbyterian society. This school flourished until 1863, when it was discontinued, on the account of the failure in business of P. A. Bassett who had done much toward sustaining it. Miss Potter taught the school one year, and, a little later, Miss Mary Mortimer took charge of it, and continued her labors there for a number of years. Rev. H. H. Kellogg and Miss Julia Kellogg succeeded Miss Mortimer. The last teacher it had was Mrs. B. Clark.

Of the other efficient teachers who taught private schools, we will name Miss M. M. Nethaway, who settled here in 1851, and who taught in the town from that time till four years ago; Miss Maria Train now Mrs. Remington; Miss R. P. Thrall and Rev. Mr. Hudson.

D. J. Baldwin opened a private banking house in May, 1856, and A. L. Slye, who came that year, kept books for him. The crash of 1857 closed the bank. A. L. Slye is now the efficient county treasurer.

The Sauk County bank building was completed in July, 1857. The bank opened with a capital of fifty thousand dollars—Simeon Mills, President, and Terrill Thomas, Cashier. It was a bank of issue, and was merged into the first national bank in 1872. The first national bank has a capital of fifty thousand dollars. The officers are D. S. Vittum, President, George Mertens, Vice President and W. B. Rich, Cashier.

Phillip Cheek, senior, came to Baraboo in 1856, and settled with his family on a farm in Excelsior. His son, Phillip Cheek, Jr., enlisted in the late war, but being discharged on account of wounds received at Antietam, on his return was appointed Deputy Provost Marshal of Sauk County, and continued to act as such until the close of the war. In 1870, he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court, and still continues to hold that office.

Dr. L. H. Wood also came in 1856. He died here in 1868. Dr. J. R. Hall, an efficient and successful physician, settled in Baraboo at or near the same time, and has continued to practice here ever since.

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Among the settlers of 1857, was M. Mould, photographer, who took the first photographs ever taken in Baraboo, Mauston, New Lisbon, Eau Claire, or Chippewa Falls. The firm, M. Mould & Son, took the first premium at the state fair in 1869. Levi Crouch, lawyer, real estate agent, etc., settled here in 1857. In addition to the above business, he now carries on farming on a large scale, and loans money.

Returning again to the mills, we find that Moore and Clement run Wood's mill about two years, and then quit business, their affairs having become involved. The property then lay idle until 1859, when M. J. Drown and G. H. Stewart purchased it and began the erection of a woolen mill. Stewart soon withdrew and other parties went into the business with Mr. Drown. The firm is now known under the name of the Island Woolen Manufacturing Company. It is one of the heaviest manufacturing houses in the state. This water power was further improved in 1867 by a stock company consisting of M. J. Drown, A. A. Avery, T. Thomas, Levi Crouch, B. F. Mills and others, who organized under the name of the Baraboo Manufacturing Company, and built several manufacturing buildings near the woolen mills. The goods manufactured are chairs, bedsteads, and the like. Their sales extend over the entire northwest.

The Pratt-Hayes water-power and buildings were purchased in 1849 by Thomas and John Seaburn, who put in more cabinet machinery. In 1856, Thomas Seaburn withdrew and J. N. and H. T. Savage bought his interest. H. T. Savage introduced the cottage bedstead which has become so widely known. This firm did a good business until the burning of their shop, when the Pratt hub and spoke factory was also destroyed. This occurred in the winter of 1864.

P. A. Bassett and J. F. Sanford bought in 1854 a half interest in this water power and erected a large flouring mill having six run of stone. Sanford withdrew soon after its completion and Bassett continued the business alone. The mill did an enormous amount of work. Mr. Bassett added a cooper shop to his mill and employed some thirty hands setting up barrels, with which he supplied the whole surrounding country. But in 1863, the proprietor of this mammoth concern failed, and the mill property passed into the hands of R. H. Strong of Milwaukee. Some three years since Mr. Strong became a resident of Baraboo, since which time he has erected a large elevator upon the railroad, and has been doing a brisk business.

The water power at this point is now owned by R. H. Strong, who runs the grist mill, and P. Pratt who has a saw mill opposite, excepting

two hundred inches belonging to the estate of A. W. Starks. The grist mill has in its merchant department five run of stone with a capacity to manufacture one thousand barrels of flour per week. In the custom department there are two run of stone, and they do a fair business. Last year the mill manufactured thirty-five thousand barrels, and this year twenty-three thousand. The supply of wheat is mainly obtained from different points up the road, not enough being raised in this section. The mill employs ten hands.

The Pratt saw mill runs two saws, and cuts an average of from three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand feet of oak and basswood lumber per season. There is in connection with it a planing mill and general machine shop. The two mills employ ten hands. Mr. Pratt in the spring of 1875, in company with C. Langdon, started a lumber yard which is doing a good business. Upon this water-power in 1866, Nathan Starks put up an extensive foundry and machine shop. It proved to be unremunerative. The property now belongs to the estate of Gen. A. W. Starks, and is run by William Wackler.

The editor of the "Republic," in 1859, offered six and one-fourth cents for a local. In the same paper is a statement of the average deaths occurring in the whole town during the preceding six years, which was only twenty-six. The doctors must have looked slim enough, if they lived entirely by their profession. The weather during those years was noted for its coolness, a frost having occurred on the 29th of August for the three successive years of 1857-8-9.

A fire company was organized in June, 1860, with M. C. Waite, Foreman; W. Boutwell and T. C. Thomas, Assistants; E. Holden, Secretary and Levi Crouch, Treasurer. It was afterward disbanded.

The Free Congregational or Unitarian church was established in 1860. The Rev. Isabod Codding, well known as a polished speaker, preached the first ritual sermon at the court house, on October 28th of that year; and occasionally preached in the same place from that time until 1865. He died at Baraboo June 17th, 1866. The Unitarian church was built during the pastorate of Rev. A. A. Roberts, who was settled here as pastor from October 1865 to October 1868, the church being dedicated in December, 1867. He was followed by Rev. F. M. Holland, A. M., who served until July, 1873, when ill health compelled him to cease his labors. After this Rev. Julius Perrette, formerly a bishop, Rev. A. A. Roberts and Rev. Sam. Longfellow each served for a short period. The present incumbent is Rev. J. O. N. Hewitt, who is a man of natural ability, a classic scholar, an eloquent speaker and a pleasant writer.

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The effects of the crash of 1857 had scarcely begun to disappear, when the war spread its dark cloud over the land. The people of Sauk County were enthusiastic in their desire to crush the rebellion. The first enlistments at Baraboo were of twelve men who were allotted to Company E, First Wisconsin Infantry. The entire twelve returned, we believe, to the state, but only one, A. D. Kimball, is at present a resident of the town.

The first regular company organized here were the Sauk County Rifles. It afterward became Company A of the Sixth Wisconsin, and formed a part of the celebrated Iron Brigade of the army of the Potomac. The company was mustered into service July 28, 1861, having a hundred and twelve men, including the following officers: Captain, Adam G. Malloy; First Lieutenant, D. K. Noyes, and Second Lieutenant, T. C. Thomas. The company fared hard. Twenty-eight were killed, and ten died of disease while in the army. At the battle of Antietam, thirteen were struck down at one shot, and after the action only three were able to report fit for duty. Previous to this, Captain Malloy had been promoted Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment, and D. K. Noyes to Captain of Company A. The latter received a wound at the battle of Antietam, which necessitated the amputation of his right foot. He was discharged in July, 1864, having been in the army nearly two years after he became disabled. But in January of the next year we find him as Major of the Forty-ninth Regiment, and a little later promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the same regiment. In 1864, the places of both first and second lieutenant became vacant, and Mair Pointon and Nelson Moore were promoted from the ranks to those positions.

The president having ordered a draft to take place January 5th 1864, it was found that Baraboo needed fourteen men to fill her quota, and a meeting was called of the citizens who voted a tax of \$2,800.00 to be given as bounty to volunteers. Shortly after this, ten men of Company A re-enlisted and were accredited to the town. Their names are as follows: Frank M. Crandall, George A. Harp, J. J. Jenkins, F. K. Jenkins, Amos P. Johnson, Charles Kellogg, James Whitty, Mair Pointon, Elon Wyman and Frank Graham. It was, however, not made known to the people of Baraboo that these men had re-enlisted until after the quota had been filled by new volunteers. But they filled the quota on a subsequent draft, when much higher local bounties were being paid: yet such was the mixed state of affairs that they received no local bounty at all.

The company was mustered out of service July 14th, 1865, after having won as a part of the Iron Brigade this commendation of General McClellan: "They are equal to the best troops of any army in the world."

From the Adjutant General's report, for 1865, we take the following which every one who had a relative in that regiment must read with a glow of pride: "On the 14th of July, the regiment was mustered out of service, and on the 16th arrived at Madison. On reaching the capital of the state, they became the recipients of an enthusiastic public welcome, in the capitol park, at the hands of the state officers and citizens. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the words of command were given; the bronzed veterans wheeled to the right; drums and fifes struck up their stormy music; and with guns at 'the right shoulder shift' and bayonets gleaming in the slant sunbeams, under the green arches of the summer trees, the last organized fragment of the army of the Potomac, bearing the rent and shot-torn banners, on which are inscribed the names of such historic battles as South Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Hatcher Run and Five Forks, passed on to dissolve and disappear from men's eyes forever, but to live immortal in history and in the memory of a grateful people."

The following are the names of the Baraboo slain of Company A: Lieutenant H. F. Pruyn, Sergeant Allison Fowler, Corporal John Alexander, William P. Black, Fred Bunzel, Fred Baur, Henry Bodecker, William H. Copeland, Sylvester Fort, Frank Garlough, John Hedges, B. H. Jones, James O. Keyes, Elon Wyman, Charles Kellogg, J. E. Langhart, George C. Miles, William Pierson, Jesse Pierson, J. C. Weidman, Richard Atridge, Ashbury Bates, William Kline, Uriah Palmer, George Rice, Henry Stults, L. D. Finton and Levi Pearson.

Those who died of disease were A. D. Ames, Frank M. Crandall, J. G. Hodgedon, James Hill, Israel Inman, T. A. Jones, A. G. Johnson, M. E. Keyes, John Voss, F. K. Jenkins and Harry Williams. Of the returned, the following are residents of this town at the present time: Ralph Avery, T. B. Butterfield, Phillip Check, Jr., G. A. Harp, H. D. Jones, Amos P. Johnson, Daniel Odell, Lieut. Mair Pointon, Ira Scott and W. B. Thomas. Colonel Noyes is also a resident of Baraboo and is its postmaster. Phillip Check, Jr., was wounded at the battle of Antietam, and discharged on account of disability.

A wonderful premonition of battle and death occurred in the case of one of the soldiers of this company, George C. Miles. As they were

crossing the Catoctin Range, between Frederick's City and Middleton, Miles said to Captain Noyes: "We shall have a fight and I shall be killed by this time to-morrow morning." Mr. Noyes laughed at the presentiment, but it proved true. The engagement at South Mountain occurred the next day, and among the first slain was George C. Miles.

A company was recruited by David S. Vittum, now president of the First National Bank of Baraboo. It was afterward assigned to the Third Cavalry, with Mr. Vittum as captain. He was a war-Democrat, and as such met with considerable opposition in his work. But returns show that he was more than successful, for Company F, Third Wisconsin Cavalry, left Baraboo, December 5th, 1861, and was mustered into the United States service January 4th, 1862, it having been recruited and in camp inside of four weeks. It consisted of eighty-eight men, thirty-five of whom were residents of Baraboo. Twenty of these returned after the war, a few of whom are now residents. Among them are H. J. Case, Prescott Longley, C. W. Porter, Walworth Porter, C. H. Davis, Martin Cummings, Samuel Briscoe, Joseph Doppler, and W. W. Andrews. This company and the regiment were ordered to the extreme southwest of the department of the Missouri, and most of the regiment spent the entire period of service there, in the field of operations of the boldest and bloodiest Guerrilla chiefs of the border. Quantrell killed ninety-seven in the slaughter at Baxter's Springs, most of whom belonged to this regiment. The company was at the battle of Prairie Grove, and engaged in every fight with Sterling Price from Lexington to Newtonia. In March, 1865, the company was re-organized as veterans, and C. W. Porter was commissioned as captain and D. S. Vittum as lieutenant colonel of the regiment.

The Baraboo Rifles were recruited during the spring and summer of 1862, and became Company F of the Wisconsin Twenty-third Regiment, being mustered into service in August of the same year. The company left the place with the following officers: Captain, Charles H. Williams, First Lieutenant, Jacob A. Schelick, and Second Lieutenant E. L. Walbridge; but upon being mustered into service, all three were promoted, C. H. Williams becoming major of the same regiment, and Schlick taking the captaincy of Company F. D. C. Stanley was promoted to the place of Walbridge, who thus became first lieutenant. The latter died March 31st, 1863, at La Crosse, Wisconsin, while on his way home on leave of absence. This caused the promotion of Stanley to first lieutenant, and of Robert E. Candall to second lieutenant. The regiment was sent south very soon after its organization.

It was engaged in the siege of Vicksburg, and several lesser actions and also suffered terribly by disease. While stationed at Young's Point the winter following their enlistment, the malarious atmosphere struck down nearly three-fourths of the entire number, and some companies were without a single officer fit for duty. The chaplain, Rev. C. E. Weirich, father of J. I. Weirich of the "Republic," died at Young's Point, in February, 1863, and many others of the gallant band shared the same fate. After three years of active duty, the regiment was disbanded in July, 1865.

In the fall of 1861, Charles Armstrong, then register of deeds, gave up a paying position, and began enlisting men for a company. This became Company H of the seventeenth Infantry, which was familiarly known as the "Irish Brigade." Charles Armstrong was elected captain of the company which he was instrumental in raising. The writer learns that only a small per cent of the men were from Baraboo.

The names of those of Company F who lost their lives during the war are as follows:—Killed and died of wounds: John Hague, E. D. Miller and John Kezarta; died of disease: Sylvester Wheeler, F. M. Crawford, L. J. Bailey, Z. E. Bailey, E. W. Case, Ed. Delap, J. M. Densmore, Ed. R. Freeman, P. H. Kipp, Peter Knowles, Wm. Lippett, James W. Mason, A. J. Miles, C. K. Newell, Jacob Platt, Marcus Remington, J. D. Roberts, E. C. Spear, B. B. Spooner, John Staley, George Stowell, C. L. Stoner, John Shearer, Marvin Van Orman and John Waltz.

The following members of the Baraboo Rifles are now residents of this town: Major Williams, C. M. Blake, J. M. Savage, Argalus Langdon, C. F. Cook, Russell Delap, C. A. Landon, Thomas P. Scott, Abram Lezeart, Charles Klumpp, H. D. Newell, Adam Richart and Charles Seeker.

The women of Baraboo did a noble work during the war. Not a town in the country of the same size, furnished a greater amount of supplies for the soldiers.

Some pleasing reminiscences of army days will not be out of place here. When the Sauk County Rifles were quartered at the Western, one of the boys from Reedsburg (Devereaux) made considerable fun for the company at the dinner table. The waiter asked him which he would have, mince or rhubarb pie. Devereaux looked at her a moment, and exclaimed: "Wh-what!" The waiter asked him again and he finally chose rhubarb, as that was something new, and he was in for good feeding. The girl brought him his pie. He looked at it suspiciously;

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as much as to say, "I ought to know what that is, it looks familiar;" but not being quite satisfied, he cut off a large mouthful, put it in his mouth, and then, after managing to get his mouth sufficiently empty so he could speak, he exclaimed: "H—l, th-tha-that's p-p-pie-plant!"

That prince of adjutants, Frank A. Haskell, of the Sixth Wisconsin, was one morning mounting guard, and he had considerable trouble to get the men to dress up into line. He gave the command, "Right dress," several times, but it was of no use, the men would not get into shape to suit Frank's idea of a straight line. He stepped out in front of the line and said, "The seventh man step out a little." No one moved, and Frank began to get mad. He looked at No. 7 as though he would look him through, and said: "I mean that man with a plow coulter for a nose!" Bill Palmer stepped out immediately.

The third Baraboo newspaper was started by D. K. Noyes, on his return from the war. The first number appeared in July, 1866, and was called the "Independent." At the end of a year he sold the office to W. H. Canfield, M. J. Drown and D. S. Vittum. These men rented it to J. C. Chandler and Peter Richards, who run it a few months, when Canfield took charge of it and changed its politics from Republican to Democratic. F. E. Everett succeeded Mr. Canfield in the publication of the "Independent," but in June, 1869, it passed among the things that were, and is known no more to the people. J. C. Chandler took the office and raised from the remains of the "Independent" a live Republican paper, which he named the "Sauk County Herald." But its existence was short. It lived only six months. The "Republican," published by Weirich & Woodman is now the only paper in Baraboo.

The Episcopalian Society was established in 1867, and consisted of some six families. In 1868, they bought the seminary property of P. A. Bassett, for church and school purposes.

A school-war occurred in 1871, causing greater excitement in Baraboo than the "Indian massacre," "saw-log war," or perhaps the war of the rebellion. The principal of the school, I. A. Sabin, had the misfortune to displease C. C. Remington. It is said that difference in religious beliefs was the first cause, Mr. Sabin being a strong orthodox, and insisting on reading the bible in the school, while Mr. Remington had determined that it should not be read there. But the charge brought against Mr. Sabin was incompetency. The county superintendent, C. F. Viebahn, had given him a certificate, good for two years, and the school-board refused to find fault with him; so the matter

finally became a political issue. Mr. Remington declared that he had made the raising of a family of children his principal business and that he would have such an incompetent teacher put out of office. Mr. Viebahn wanted to serve another term, and he did not know what to do in the matter to secure an election. A large proportion of the people were on Sabin's side; so Viebahn refused at first to annul his certificate, which was the only way of getting him out of the school. But he did annul it on the eve of the election, after the people had unanimously nominated him. The breach of faith was discovered by Levi Crouch, "Shanghai Chandler," and some others, and circulars were immediately issued to that effect and widely distributed. The people did not know who to choose in Viebahn's place, but they selected Moses Young, of Reedsburg. The result was an inglorious defeat of Viebahn, who, to excuse his course, had declared that in examining Sabin he had used partiality, and had not given Sabin as hard questions as the others. Moses Young, having been elected, duly qualified, and then he resigned. This left the place again vacant. Now the Viebahn party flew with a petition to the state superintendent, who had the privilege of making an appointment; but that dignitary decided that Viebahn having been so ingloriously defeated, was not the choice of the people. He accordingly appointed President Terry of Spring Green Academy to fill the vacant place.

The same year, a literary society flourished here. One evening, William Hill is said to have made a speech. He took up the subject of phrenology, and declared that the brain can be developed by culture, which no thinking person doubts. He further said that as the frontal brain developed, the hair gradually receded, giving a rounder, fuller forehead. This was all very well, but he wanted to give an illustration and, remembering a brother who was a farmer while he was engaged in literary pursuits, he continued: "For instance, look at my head, and compare it with my brother James!" The people thought the illustration funny, and some one, remembering a printer by the name of Kelly, who had not a hair on his head, remarked that said Kelly must be a very intellectual man, as his hair had receded entirely out of sight.

It was in Baraboo that the Cardiff giant was conceived. A tobacco-nist by the name of Hull originated the idea while fumbling among his tobacco leaves. He then went to Iowa and brought it into existence; after which he had it buried on the farm of a relative near Syracuse, New York, and subsequently unearthed it to astonish the world. Even the most learned fell into the snare, and regarded the creation as a relic

of the "days when there were giants in the land." The fraud was finally discovered, and Hull had to make himself scarce in that section. But he is said to have made considerable money by the enterprise.

On December 3d, 1871, nearly the whole of the south side of the square's business buildings were destroyed by fire. But the conflagration proved a blessing, for the places of the wooden buildings burned have been supplied with large substantial brick stores.

Philarmon Pratt, in 1872, enlarged his residence and there opened a hotel known as the Pratt House, which he kept for a couple of years and then leased it to Dan. Chamberlain. This hotel is but a few rods from the depot.

The people decided, at quite an early day, that they must have a railroad;—that they did not get one for so long a time was certainly no fault of the newspaper. In looking over the files of the "Republic," we find that, with its advent here, it began to agitate the momentuous question, and kept it up with unabated vigor for a number of years. Every week it had a leader on the subject;—the railroad was always sure and nearly here. What is still more remarkable, it was, nearly every week, a different road that was so near. From north, south, east and west were these air-roads built, and when they got nearly here they stopped and vanished, one always giving place to another. There must have been a great many railroad projects in those days, or the people must have had a very fertile imagination.

For over twenty years, this matter was agitated and considered and argued, before the expectations of the people were realized. They had always looked for a road coming hitherward from Milwaukee; but this expectation was crushed when the Milwaukee and Saint Paul road chose a route further north. But so much in need of a railroad was the valley, that the people decided to apply for a charter to build one, without knowing how or when it would be built. Among the earnest workers for this measure in this county were Colonel Ableman, Joseph Mackey, T. D. Lang, Terrell Thomas and Moses Young. A charter was obtained bearing date of March, 1870, which was afterward transferred to the Chicago and Northwestern road, and the Baraboo Air Line railroad became a part of the Madison Division of that line. The road was completed in 1872, and its opening witnessed by a most enthusiastic people.

Baraboo is the headquarters of the Madison Division of the railroad, and the offices, machine shops, etc., are located here. Nearly one hundred men are employed in the various departments.

BARABOO IN 1875.

Baraboo is situated upon a succession of gentle hills and valleys, and is divided into north and south Baraboo by the Baraboo river. The court house square stands near the centre of the village, and a large share of the principal business houses surround this square. To the north and east the hills rise higher and form a picturesque back-ground to the village, which lies half hidden by trees, mostly of native growth. The population of Baraboo, according to the last census, is three thousand. The manufacturing interest is largely represented and still not half the water-power facilities are used. Fruit raising is carried on to considerable extent, and several fine nurseries and vineyards dot the hills. The Baraboo Valley Nursery, owned by A. G. Tuttle; the Pomona Small Fruit Farm, Phillip Cheek, Jr., proprietor; the vineyards and nurseries of C. A. Sumner and A. C. Mathews; those of Chauncey Warner; the vineyard of David Crandall and the new nursery of John Shourds, are among the number, all within from one to four miles of the village. Hop culture is quite extensively carried on in this section of the country. Harrison Case, Tom. English, Dan. Ruggles, Jerry Dood, Terrill Thomas and William Warner are cultivators on a large scale. H. H. Potter is both a cultivator and a dealer, and William S. Grubb is an extensive dealer. Henry Ryan, Thomas Scott, Solomon Bellows and Frank Brown have each small yards.

Baraboo is a quiet village—is not a fast town in any sense of the term. The business is in a great measure done by people who settled here at quite an early day, who worked hard and, after acquiring a competence, are taking life easy. It is more like an old eastern village than one belonging to the busy west. In politics the town and county have always been largely Republican, though Democrats and Reformers are now well represented. The various religions flourish here, also a society of Deists, or Liberals.

One of the institutions in which Baraboo prides itself is a band of musicians. It is known as the Spirit Lake Band, and was organized in August, 1873. The following are the names of the members that compose it, all being residents of the village, with the instruments played by each: J. Prethero, E flat cornet; J. B. Shumway, E flat cornet; E. M. Kimball, B flat cornet; Ed. Stallman, B flat cornet; J. E. Pine, E flat alto; Wm. Kerr, E flat alto; John Stallman, B flat tenor; J. C. Golmar, B flat baritone; Fred Stallman, E flat tubor; John B. Kramer, drummer; E. C. Davis, drummer.

The mercantile business of 1875, is in part represented by the following firms:

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M. J. Drown has the large general merchandise establishment known as "Head Quarters." Mr. Drown is largely connected with the history of Baraboo, having been one of its liveliest business men for a number of years. The Head Quarters does a business of from \$30,000 to \$50,000 per annum.

The firm of Lang & Struthers is another large general merchandise house. It was established in 1857, by H. A. Peck, who a little later took in R. A. Orvis as a partner. In 1867, Mr. T. D. Lang bought out Mr. Peck, and a little later Mr. Orvis sold his interest to J. A. Struthers. The former owners are both dead. Mr. Lang has been a resident of this place since 1859.

G. H. Bacon, Druggist and grocer, came to Baraboo in 1859. He was for a time in the dry goods trade. The amount of business now done by him is \$12,000 a year.

Gattiker Brothers are the proprietors of a large hardware house, established eight years since. The amount of business done is from \$25,000 to \$30,000 yearly.

Ira Humphrey is another large dealer in hardware. He was at one time a partner with Alfred Gottiker.

Obert & Clavadatscher represent an enterprising merchandise house. W. Obert came to Baraboo in 1868, and was an employe in the Island woolen mills until 1871. He then became a partner with G. Bower in the general merchandise business, and the firm was known as Bower, Obert & Co. The fire of 1871 destroyed nearly the entire stock of goods belonging this firm. Obert & Clavadatscher resumed business at the old stand in one of the fine new stores erected immediately after the fire, Mr. Bower withdrawing. These young men have a good reputation as successful business men.

J. J. Draper has a meat market in another of the fine buildings on the south side of the square and which he built himself. He came here in 1868.

Bower & Faller (George Bower and William Faller) have a large general merchandise house, which they established in 1872. Mr. Bower has lived in Baraboo since he was a boy. The firm is doing an extensive business.

Huntington & Stanley, dealers in general merchandise, carry a business of \$40,000 in a large store, 25x80 feet, situated on the south side of the square. Mr. Huntington is one of the early settlers.

The boot and shoe manufactory of Avery & Green was established in 1857; was burned out in the fire of 1871 and rebuilt with brick.

Frank Avery and Isaac Green became residents of Baraboo in 1856. This store carries a large stock.

A. A. Roberts is a dealer in general merchandise on Oak street. He is assisted in his store by his wife, who was formerly Miss Ida Pratt, daughter of P. Pratt. Mr. Roberts was at one time pastor of the Free Congregational Church. A throat disease obliged him to cease his ministerial duties.

R. & C. Burrington are another general merchandise firm. R. Burrington came from Madison to this place in 1855, and in company with W. Burrington, opened a grocery store near the bridge. They then erected a building adjoining the grocery and stocked it with dry goods. Subsequently they bought the Maxwell "corner store" site and moved the new building thereon. This firm sold out in 1873, and in the spring of 1875, R. & C. Burrington went into business at their present place.

C. A. Dano is a merchant tailor and general dealer in gents' furnishing goods, ready made clothing, etc., corner of Oak and Second streets.

Jones & Griggs, corner of Bridge and Water streets, are large dealers in gents' furnishing goods and clothing.

A. C. Camp and Dr. B. F. Mills represent two large drug houses. Both are old settlers. James Michelstetter has recently opened in the drug and grocery business on the south side.

C. Bartsh is a dealer in groceries, on the south side.

Alfred Bow is a dealer in hats and gents' furnishing goods, near the post-office. Ed. Bow was born and raised in Baraboo. He went to California some years since, but concluded there is no place like home, and so returned.

William Butler, merchant tailor, Oak street, deals largely in gents' furnishing goods.

H. T. Savage & J. H. Halstead are dealers in general merchandise on the east side of the square. Both have been residents of this place since 1855. Thomas Islip, at present a clerk at their store, has been here since 1850, and until last spring engaged at wagon making.

Charles Pfannstiehl, baker and confectioner, was the first to open in that line of business here. He came in 1855. His son Emil has lately been associated in business with him.

Mrs. Scott & Abbott on Oak street carry a good assortment of millinery goods. So does Mrs. Sharp, also situated on Oak street.

There are other well established firms in the village, and for them the

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reader is referred to the Business Index accompanying this historical sketch. We subjoin a partial list of old settlers and more prominent business men now living in Baraboo, not already mentioned. It is impossible in the limited space to notice all who have figured and do figure in the history of this village:

William Hudson, the present sheriff, settled in Sauk County in 1856. John Barker, District Attorney, and John M. True, became residents of Baraboo in 1865. The latter is a teacher by profession. Anton Fisher settled at an early day at Sauk. He was a soldier in the war of the rebellion in the Ninth Wisconsin regiment. He has been county clerk since 1867. Chauncey Warner settled here in 1849. His son, R. T. Warner, now practices law in this village. In 1851, Charles Bender, a blacksmith and wagon maker now doing business on Fourth street, settled here; in 1852, came Thomas Ferris, a painter; in 1853, A. H. Cowles, a blacksmith, commenced business; and in 1854, William Power, a tailor and dealer in clothing, on Oak street, began working at his trade here. A. Andrews, a shoemaker, was a settler of 1849, and George Bloom, another shoemaker, came in 1855. The latter, in the fall of 1875, bought out the former, who at that time took his departure for Europe. Elisha Douglas and family settled here in 1853, and John B. Walbridge in 1855. Volney Moore and family arrived in 1856. They opened the Exchange hotel.

Captain Moore, in some notes contributed to this work pays the following tribute to Mrs. Peck: "It would not be exaggerating if I should say that Mrs. Peck was considered by early settlers to possess all the qualifications requisite to the first settlement of a country; and as time rolled on and habitations became thicker, then we were forced to acknowledge in her a benefactress and true friend. She was equally at home among rich and poor. She was the first to enter the sick room and the last to leave it. She administered to all alike—rich and poor, noble and ignoble, without money and without price. I should be recreant to my duty as a man did I neglect to acknowledge her kindness upon one occasion to my family when she allowed herself to be drawn thirty miles by an ox team over a frightful road to attend my sick wife, leaving her own family for a number of days in order to take care of mine. She was the good Samaritan. She would leave the ninety-nine and hunt the one that was lost, regardless of labor or expense."

Another woman whose kindness is proverbial, is Mrs. P. Pratt. The writer, whom illness detained for several weeks at her house, is witness

of her goodness of heart and the perfect unselfishness of her nature. Her strength, energies and means are kept continually exhausted in acts of charity and kindness; and so it has been all her life. Quietly, lovingly is the good work done, and not tens but hundreds rise up and call her blessed.

There are others of the old settlers who have done a good work for the sick and needy, among whom are Mrs. Newsom and Mrs. Newman. Mrs. Catherine Hoskins has always been found a willing worker in cases of sickness. The Hoskins family are settled in Lyons.

Benjamin Purdy, a cabinet maker, and at one time postmaster at Baraboo, was among the early settlers. Hiram Bowles and family came at an early day. He is dead, but his widow still resides here. Mrs. Lydia Clark is another old settler. So is D. Kelsey, for many years a blacksmith of this place. David Munson and wife, H. D. Evans and John Travis are others.

THE PEWIT'S NEST.

The surroundings of Baraboo are rich in natural beauties. Mountain and valley scenery are so pleasingly intermingled, that the tastes of all can be gratified within the radius of a few miles. Here is a green plateau skirted by a murmuring stream; and there, almost within range of the vision, are miniature mountains, overhanging rocks and leaping waterfalls. One of the places of resort, bordering Baraboo, is what is known as the "Pewit's Nest." Why such a name was given it, the writer has failed to discover. A small stream known as Skillet Creek, leaps downward among jutting rocks in a series of rapids and falls; and at one spot the action of this water has worn a large hole in the rocks, which there tower perpendicularly above it to the height of ninety or one hundred feet. This hole, which somewhat resembles a skillet, probably was the origin of the name given to the creek.

In 1842, a man by the name of Brunson put up a turning lathe at that point, using the skillet-like hole for a shop. Mr. Brunson also did blacksmithing. He was assisted in his business by Captain Moore. A platform was erected to keep the workmen out of the water, and the work had to be lowered by ropes from the rocks overhead. Captain Moore says that Brunson was always out of wood, and every customer had to chop wood enough with which to do his work before he could get it done. The work, too, was apt to take queer shapes; if one wanted circular work he was quite apt to get octagonal, and *vice versa*. Mr. Brunson lived with his family in a hut near his shop. The latter spot is remembered as being the place of a Mormon baptism. Brunson and

his wife were the converts, and a traveling priest performed the ceremony. It is said that the Pewit's nest was once the den of a gang of counterfeiters. But Captain Moore denies the truth of the statement. He says that if Brunson or any one else ever made counterfeit money there he did not know it, and he certainly saw no signs of counterfeit money or any other kind of money in Brunson's possession. But then, it is quite natural that the captain should testify thus. Who would not?

J. H. Shourds, another of the early settlers, bought the property and erected a mill there in 1856. He experienced great trouble in building a dam—in fact the two first ones built went out, or proved useless. The third had fall of forty-one feet. For a time, he did a good business; but meeting with reverses he left the mill and went to the mountains. During his absence, the mill was burned by an incendiary, and the dam partially destroyed. A portion of the dam and of the mill-wheels are yet to be seen. Mr. Shourds still owns the property, which might be used to better advantage as a place of summer resort for romantic tourists than for a mill-power. People in search of natural beauties should not fail to see the Pewit's nest. The creek is full of fishes, that will help one eat a lunch at a slight invitation; and it is very amusing to feed them, when, after scaling the rocks and walking the stringers of the dam, you sit down on the green bank under the spreading trees to rest.

DEVIL'S LAKE.

This celebrated place of resort is situated so near Baraboo as to be considered a part of it, being located in Sauk County, only three miles south of the village. The lake itself is about a mile and a half long, and three-fourths of a mile wide, partly filling a basin which seemed to be scooped out of a mountain for that purpose. It is situated three hundred feet above the Wisconsin River, bordered by perpendicular, yet broken, rocky bluffs, which tower to the height of from five to six hundred feet above the water. In the crevices of the rocks and at the top of the bluffs, as well as skirting the edges of the lake, are evergreens and other native trees, adding to the majestic wildness of the scene. The water itself is soft and transparent, fish, moss, etc., being visible at a great depth. The lake, whose greatest depth is fifty feet, has no known inlet, and scarcely an outlet. It is supposed to be fed by springs. Devil's Lake, of course, has a history of its own. Its name seemed to have had its origin in an Indian legend. The truth of the legend is denied by some, who affirm that it originated in the brain of some pale-face; others, who profess to know, assert that the legend is told by the

Indians themselves. As there are no other reasons given for the odd appellation, we must presume that said legend must be at least a shadow of truth, if not the whole truth. An Indian chief and his braves met an opposing army near this spot, only to be overpowered, and all his followers taken prisoners, he alone escaping. The captives, five hundred in number, were bound and scalped; after which they were drowned in the lake by the conquerors, who immediately after the deed of vengeance, turned their faces from the scene of bloodshed. The following morning, the lonely chieftain came slowly from his hiding place and stood beside the watery grave of his companions, his heart too full of woe and bitterness for many words. But some lingering native who watched him from the heights, heard him exclaim, as he turned away: "Minne-wauken! Minne-wauken!" (Cursed water! Cursed water!) A terror filled the listener, and he fled to his companions with a wild story of that curse. Thenceforth the lake was known as Minne-wauken, and as a cursed water avoided by those who had made it the

grave of so many braves. It is said that never again did the Indians fish in the lake or hunt deer upon its shores. Although the latter statement is contradicted by some, the writer is told by the oldest settlers now residing in its vicinity, that they have no remembrance of ever seeing any Indians at the lake, though the country adjacent was often filled



FURK'S HEAD—DEVIL'S LAKE.

with them. We find that no entry of the land bordering Devil's Lake was made until 1851, when Janson Pattee laid claim to what is now a

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part of Kirkland, and Walter P. Flanders took up a piece north of the lake where the Cliff House now is. The same year James A. Maxwell entered a portion southeast of the lake. In 1853, Patrick A. Bassett entered the land where the dwelling house of Louis Claude is now situated. Hiram Rice, in 1854, entered a lot on the southeast and built a cabin there, which was the first house erected at the lake; and the same year, Sarah J. Wheeler entered the portion where the Club House is, and for a time lived thereon. The land which Bassett entered was immediately made over to A. J. Tuttle, who sold a portion of it to George Newson, a mason, the first in Baraboo, who settled here 1849. These two men erected a bathing house at the lake. In 1856, Newson sold his interest to Tuttle, and in 1857 Tuttle sold the property to Louis



RAILROAD CROSSING—DEVIL'S LAKE.

Claude, an English gentleman who still has his residence there. About this time Thomas Thompson located at the lake. He was a carpenter and builder, and worked at his trade at Baraboo, where he built the Unitarian church, and several large buildings. Edward Marsh and John W. Blake purchased, in 1868, some land from Louis Claude, and

erected a hotel which they called the Minnewauken House. They afterwards sold it to Sam. Hartley, who run it for a number of years. At the completion of the railroad, P. B. Parsons & Co., also proprietors of the Vilas House, Madison, bought the property and built a large rustic villa, using the Minnewauken House for a wing; and this they named the Cliff House. It is beautifully furnished, and is a popular place of summer resort. The trains in the summer stop at the Cliff House for meals. The lake is supplied with a neat pleasure steamer, under the charge of Captain T. Thompson. The steamer is called the Minnewauken, and was named by a little daughter of Louis Claude. A sail around the lake is something that no tourist should miss—if only to enjoy the pure breeze, and to get a better view than can be had from shore, of “Turk’s Head,” the “Devil’s Foot-stool,” and the “Needles,”



DEVIL'S FOOT-STOOL—DEVIL'S LAKE.

pinnacles of rock towering high above the water. Then, there is the Kirk-land vineyard and celebrated wine cellar, the property of the Kirk brothers, and the Grotto, which is icy cold even in the hottest days, yet to be seen; and the boat will land at that point and allow one to go on a tour of inspection before finishing the circuit. Baraboo is proud of Devil's Lake, and so, in fact, is all the surrounding country.

While the Cliff House is filled to overflowing in the summer with visitors from afar, scarcely a day passes that one or more parties of pleasure excursionists do not enjoy the shade of its groves, sometimes making a journey of a hundred miles for that purpose.

Baraboo Business Index of 1875.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

A. L. SLYE, County Treasurer. ANTON FISHER, County Clerk.
J. M. TRUE, Register of Deeds. WILLIAM HUDSON, Sheriff.
PHILIP CHEEK, JR., Clerk Circuit Court.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

MATTHEW MOULD, President.	J. W. BLAKE, Police Justice.
JOHN BARKER,	M. BENTLEY, Justice of the Peace.
T. T. ENGLISH,	J. R. DAVIS, Marshal and Street Com.
JAMES DYKINS,	WILLIAM STANLEY, Supervisor.
WILLIAM HONIE,	D. K. NOYES, Post Master.
T. D. LANG,	PHILLIP CHEEK, JR., Village Clerk.
G. SCHARKE.	FREDERICK JONSON, Treasurer.

BANKS.

First National Bank. D. S. Vittum, President; W. B. Rich, Cashier.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

L. C. Slye.	J. R. Hall.	H. S. DesAnge	H. McKennan.
M. M. Davis.	Chas. Cowles.	W. H. Vittum.	Theodore Koch.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

C. C. Remington.	Levi Coouch.	R. T. Warner
John Barker.	William Brown.	J. E. Wright.

DENTISTS.

S. P. Kozerta. Dr. Pierrepont.

HOTELS.

Western, by W. B. Pearl.	Wisconsin, by Albrecht & Schlag.
Peck's Hotel, by E. A. Peck.	Pratt House, by D. Chamberlain.

MANUFACTORIES.

Island Woolen Mills.	Baraboo Manufacturing Company.
Manchester Woolen Mills.	Baraboo Flouring Mills,
Spencer Brothers, Flouring Mill,	R. H. Strong, Prop'r.
Baraboo Stave & Barrel Factory,	Baraboo Machine Shops & Foundry,
Wm. Bassett, Proprietor.	Wm. Wachler, Prop'r.
Pratt's Saw Mill, P. Pratt, Proprietor.	

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church.	Presbyterian.	Baptist.	Congregationalist.
Unitarian,	Episcopal.	Catholic.	German M. E.
			German Baptist.

NEWSPAPERS.

Baraboo Republic, Weirich & Woodman.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Andrews, W. W., Sulky Plows, Harrows, etc., Third street.
Avery & Green, Boots and Shoes, Third street.
Arnold, George, Drayman, Corner Birch and Seventh streets.
Bower & Fuller, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., cor. Oak and Third sts.

- Bender, Charles, Wagon Maker and Blacksmith, Fourth street.
Bender, Anna, Brewery and Saloon, Linn street.
Bock, Phil., Barber, Third street.
Bartich, C., Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Walnut street.
Bow, Edward, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Third st.
Bacon, G. H., Drugs and Groceries, Third street.
Bacon, Carlos, Furniture and Undertaking, cor. Ash and Third sts.
Burrington, R. & C., Dry Goods and Groceries, Oak street.
Brown, F. J., Cigar Man'y, dealer in Tobacco, etc., Oak street.
Butler, Wm., Merchant Tailor, Oak street.
Baraboo Valley Nurseries, A. G. Tuttle, Proprietor.
Cowles, James, Blacksmith, Third street.
Claverdatscher, Hatz & Co., Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Third street.
Calkins, Elliott, Groceries and Notions, Ash Street.
Camp, A. K., Drugs and Notions, Oak street.
Carlow, Tilgner & Co., Meat Market, Oak street.
Drown, M. J., Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Third street.
Draper Brothers, Meat Market, Third street.
Dykins, James, Wagon Maker, Third street.
Dano, C. A., Merchant Tailor and Clothing, Oak street.
Ewing, J., Livery Stable, Fourth street.
Elliott, J. W., Harness Maker, Fourth street
Emery, J. W., Stage Line, Oak street.
Flynt, Mrs. C. A., Knitting Factory, Excelsior Block, Third street.
Grubb, W. S., Hop Dealer, Oak street.
Gust Brothers, Meat Market, Oak street.
Gust Brothers, Meat Market, Walnut street.
Gibson & Dibble, Boots and Shoes, Excelsior Block, Third street.
Gillem, James, Billiard Hall and Boarding House, Walnut street.
Gray, H. L., Hardware, Oak street.
Gray, Mary, Millinery and Dressmaking, Third street.
Gattiker Brothers, Hardware, Third street.
Herschinger, Michael, Feed Store, Water street.
Haganah, Claus, Furniture Shop, Oak street.
Hawes, Joseph, Boot and Shoe Maker, Third street.
Hoxie & Steine, General Merchandise, Third street.
Humphry & English, Hardware, Ash street.
Hall, J. S., Marble Works, Third street.
Huntington & Stanley, Dry Goods and Groceries, Walnut street.
Hoffstetter, Stephen, Saloon and Restaurant, Oak street.
Herfert & Eihley, Furniture, Ash street.
Junge, C. H., Barber Shop, Oak street.
Jones & Griggs, Ready Made Clothing, etc., cor. Ash and Water sts.
Jenzen, Gottlieb, Boot and Shoe Maker, Water street.
Kollina, Mrs. S. A., General Merchandise, Fourth street.
Koons, Peter, Groceries and Meat Market.
Lang & Struthers, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Third street.

Lavoo & Bloom, Boots, Shoes, Hides, Leather, etc., Ash street.
Longly, P. E., Livery Stable, Oak street.
Langdon, G. W., Painter, Fourth street.
Moore, William, & Co., Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Ash street.
Michelstetter, James, Drugs and Groceries, Walnut street.
Moogler, Louis, Saloon, corner Ash and Water streets.
Miller & Thurer, Baraboo Carriage Factory, Fourth street.
Murray, John, Groceries, Oak street.
Marriott, E. G., Boot and Shoe Moker, corner Oak and Third streets.
McClure, Miss, Artist, Excelsior Block, cor. Oak and Third streets.
Miller, Frank, Saloon and Restaurant, Third street.
Mathews, Herman, Dry Goods and Groceries, Third street.
Maynard, F. W., Hides, Pelts, Poultry, etc., Third street.
Mould, Henry, Books and Stationery, Oak street.
Mould, M. & Son, Photographers, Oak street.
Northwestern Nursery, Sumner & Mathews, Proprietors.
Obrecht, C., Lumber Yard, near Depot.
Oats, Thomas, Wagon Maker, corner Ash and Water streets.
Power, William, Merchant Tailor, Oak street.
Pfannsteihl, Charles, Bakery, Confectionery and Restaurant, Oak st.
Post Office, D. K. Noyes, Post Master, corner Ash and Third streets
Platt, Louis, Harness Shop, Third street.
Palmer, Walter, Saloon, Ash street.
Pratt & Langdon, Lumber Yard, Walnut street.
Pomona Small Fruit Farm and Nursery, Phil. Cheek, Jr., Proprietor.
Ruland, George, Saloon and Brewery, cor. Walnut and Linn streets.
Reiland, M., Blacksmith and Wagon shop, Water street.
Ryan, C. E., Watches and Jewelry, Oak street.
Roberts, A. A., Dry Goods and Groceries, Oak street.
Ringland, A., Carriage Trimmer, Fourth street.
Rich, Alfred, Feed and Provision store, Oak street.
Raynor, J. R., General Repair Shop, corner of Oak and Third sts.
Storms, Planing Mill and Carpenter Shop, Pratt's Mill.
Slack, William, Harness Maker, Water street.
Sperling, August, Billiard Hall, Fourth street.
Shults, William, Boot and Shoe Maker, Fourth street.
Scharuke, William, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Oak street.
Schroeder, William, Bakery, Confectionery & Restaurant, Third st.
Silber, Bernard, Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, etc., Third st.
Savage & Halstead, Dry Goods and Groceries, Oak street.
Sharp, Mrs. M. E., Millinery and Dress Making, Oak street.
Scott & Abbott, Millinery and Dress Making, Oak street.
Train, J. G., Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Oak street.
Vroman, J. A., Livery Stable, Oak street.
Woolcott & Amy, Carpenter Shop, Oak street.
Worth, A. M., Boot and Shoe Maker, Oak street.
Wing, Charles, Merchant Tailor, Fourth street.

Wonger, J. A. B., Barber shop, Excelsior Block.
 Walnut Hill Nursery, J. N. Savage, Jr., Proprietor.
 Webster, Hiram, Blacksmith, Third street.
 Wild, Louis, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, Third street.
 Wolf & Klump, Feed and Provision Store, Oak street.

Old Baraboo.*

Our fair young state, Wisconsin, we love its praries free.
 Its lakes and hills and valleys, where the winds roam merrily;
 We love our noble County, her sons and daughters true.
 But most of all we value our home, old Baraboo.

CHORUS—Old Baraboo, old Baraboo,—
 But most of all we value
 Our home, old Baraboo.

Her factories, mills and churches, her busy stores and shops.
 Her seminaries youthful, and her stream that never stops;
 Her houses and her gardens, and her blushing maidens, too,—
 Oh! we prize these institutions of our own in Baraboo.

Fair lads and fairer lasses, meet here in joyous groups:
 The lads play ball so gaily, and the lasses, they play hoops.
 Here, too, the gallant fire-boys put out a fire or two.
 And save from red destruction their home, old Baraboo.

What though we have no railroad, no screeching demon black.
 To kill or cows and children, and stain with blood its track!
 If the rest of all creation without our aid can do.
 Why, just as well without them can live old Baraboo.

And for our noble country, its grand old stripes and stars.
 She gives her sons by hundreds to battle in its wars.
 Her sister towns and cities have done most nobly, too.
 But equal with the foremost stands forth old Baraboo.

Twice a year in our fine court-house court sits in handsome style;
 But in our cosy dwellings there's courting all the while.
 And though we are no city, and stages we have but few.
 These's little trouble getting a 'bus in Baraboo.

Life's sunshine and life's shadows, all mingled as they come,
 Attach us but more strongly to the place we call our home.
 Speak softly! cherished loved ones here have faded from our view.
 And rest upon the hill-top hard by old Baraboo.

*NOTE:—The preceding lines were written by A. N. Kellogg, Esq., now of Chicago, at the time of his residence in Baraboo. They are republished by request.

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